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No. 28.

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1903.

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to use a most dainty toilet soap, specially made for ladies who value a good complexion and all who care for the refinements of the toilet.

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It will make the skin soft, white, and flawless, and the complexion beautifully radiant.

S. HARVEY & CO., 2 and 4, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Our special forecast for to-day is: Foggy and very cold at first; fair, with a rather higher temperature later.

Lighting-up time for all vehicles, 4.33.

SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel, North Sea, and Irish Channel, all smooth to moderate.

337th Day of Year.

Thursday, Dec. 3, 1903.

28 days to Dec. 31.

1903.	December.				
Sun.	6	13	20	27	
Mon.	7	14	21	28	
Tues.	8	15	22	29	
Wed.	9	16	23	30	
Thurs.	3	10	17	24	31
Fri.	4	11	18	25	
Sat.	5	12	19	26	

To-Day's News at a Glance.

Home.

The King has sent a telegram to Bordeaux expressing the hope that the exchange of visits between the Parliamentary representatives of France and England will assist the work of those who are devoting themselves to assuring the peace of the world.

Parliament, it is believed, will be opened by the King on Tuesday, February 2.

The Duke of Manchester is indisposed at Tanderagee Castle, Ireland.

Lord Stanley, Postmaster-General, was yesterday appointed treasurer of the London Hospital.

The War Office has decided, a news agency states, to arm pioneers, pipers, bandmen, drummers, and buglers with the rifle.

At a council meeting of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, held in London yesterday, M. A. Rodin, the distinguished French sculptor, was elected president in succession to the late Mr. J. McNeill Whistler.

Mr. Stephen Coleridge's solicitor states that the £2,000 damages obtained against him in the recent anti-vivisection case were paid by a cheque on Mr. Coleridge's account with the Bank of England.

At the inquest on Miss Euretta Margaret Forsyth, a lady doctor, at Watford yesterday, the medical evidence showed that she had died of an internal disease accelerated by morphia, which she herself injected.

The steamship Lisbon was picked up in the Channel yesterday completely disabled, and was towed into Dover.

Charles Whittaker, a labourer, was executed at Manchester yesterday morning for the murder of Eliza Range, a married woman.

The Poplar Borough Council's General Purposes Committee have decided to urge the London County Council to press forward the scheme for the establishment of a Thames steamboat service between London and Woolwich.

The Cobden-street Schools, Loughborough, erected in 1879 at a cost of £5,580, were burnt to the ground early yesterday morning.

The first skating fatality of the season occurred at Gateshead yesterday. A boy, John Wilson, aged fourteen, fell through the ice on a pond, and was drowned.

At Leeds City Council meeting yesterday the distress among the poor was represented as very great.

The funeral of Mr. John Marnham, one of the most prominent Nonconformists in Hertfordshire, took place at Hemel Hempstead yesterday, 3,000 persons being present.

The death is reported of Catherine McAfee, of Rathfriland, co. Down, at the age of 116 years.

Sir A. L. Jones, speaking at a meeting of the British Cotton Growing Association, at Manchester, yesterday, said that in twelve months they would have large supplies of cotton coming from West Africa.

After being on a four days' week since October 27 the employes at the Midland Railway Co.'s locomotive works at Derby resume full time this week. Nearly 5,000 men are affected.

The warships ordered by Chile, which are at present being built on the Clyde, have been bought by Messrs. Gibbs for £1,800,000. It is believed that the purchase has been made on behalf of the Japanese Government.

Four of the crew of the fishing boat Kindly Light were drowned off Port Isaac, Cornwall, yesterday by the sinking of the boat, which was heavily laden with herrings.

Thirty-one British sailing vessels and fifteen steamships were reported in the month of November as being wrecked. There were 120 lives lost.

The East London coroner declared that his court was quite an international one yesterday, as there were so many inquests on aliens in it.

Political.

A third manifesto on the fiscal question was published yesterday by the Trades Union Congress Parliamentary Committee, headed by Mr. Chamberlain's "Modern Fallacies," and declares that gentleman has initiated more political adventures, legislative somersaults, and hollow fallacies than any living politician.

Mr. Alfred Davies, M.P. for the Carmarthen Boroughs, has been charged by a rival Liberal candidate with paying a committee of electors to look after his interests.

Both political parties at Dulwich are eagerly prosecuting the election campaign, and several committee rooms have been opened.

Foreign.

The treaty for the making of the Panama Canal by the United States was signed at Panama yesterday morning.

Mr. David Jones, a solicitor of Llanrwst, North Wales, who arrived at New York by the steamer Noordam, was arrested at the request of the British Consul-General on a charge of embezzling £1,200 from a trust fund.

Man-eating sharks, which have not been seen in the Baltic for more than a century, have again appeared off the Danish and German coasts.

The panic in the New York cotton market continued yesterday.

The Tsaritsa is now so much better that her Imperial Majesty and the Tsar will to-day return to the Palace at Tsarskoye Selo.

Queen Christina has recovered from her recent indisposition.

Two lunatics, one of whom wanted to hypnotise President Roosevelt, were arrested at the White House yesterday.

Fifteen men, supposed to be members of the Mafia Society, have been arrested at Philadelphia on a charge of carrying arms, of conspiracy, and attempting to blackmail Italian merchants and bankers by threats of death.

The United States yesterday imposed a countervailing duty on sugar coming from the Netherlands.

Owing to continuous rains, floods are reported from almost the whole of Bosnia and Herzegovina.

Colonial.

Mr. Copeland, the Agent-General for New South Wales, who has been in Australia on a six months' leave of absence, is expected home about the middle of January.

Mr. Wyberg, Commissioner of Mines at Johannesburg, has resigned.

Law and Police Courts.

George Fredk. Robinson, who fired the shots in the Bank of England on Tuesday, November 24, was committed for trial yesterday.

James Hamilton Osborne, for six years postmaster of Hemel Hempstead, was yesterday committed for trial at the Herts Assizes on a charge of misappropriating £867. Bail in £700 was allowed.

For the third time Joseph Moan is being tried at Belfast for the wilful murder of Rose Anne McCann. On two former occasions the jury disagreed.

Two youths named Smith and Dowding were ordered, at Winchester Assizes yesterday, to be whipped for releasing trucks on a railway siding so that an approaching express was endangered.

Hyman Ostrowick, Aaron Muller, and Solomon Laudes were brought up at the Thames Police Court yesterday, charged with receiving stolen furs, and were acquitted.

During the hearing of an assault case at Kingston-on-Thames yesterday the prosecution stated that she had given the defendant no "privileging" at all. The case was eventually dismissed.

At Galway Assizes yesterday Thos. Banks was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment for embezzlement of £5,000 as collector of Customs at Sligo.

Social.

The King has promised to attend the cattle show at Islington on Monday.

Princess Henry of Battenberg and Prince Louis of Battenberg were present last evening at the testimonial concert given to Mr. Robert Newman at Queen's Hall.

The Duchess of Albany has sent a cordial letter of thanks to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha Lodge for the Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes for their congratulations and good wishes on the occasion of the engagement of her daughter, Princess Alice.

Princess Henry of Battenberg opened a charity bazaar at Shoreditch Town Hall yesterday.

Court



Circular.

Sandringham, Wednesday, Dec. 2.

Mrs. Lawrence Townsend has arrived at Sandringham.

THE LADY LAWYER.

Her Claim to Practise at the Bar Rejected.

WILL BEGIN AS A SOLICITOR.

The lady doctor has triumphed over all the difficulties that once beset her path. Undeterred by rebuffs and the undisguised hostility of the sex in possession, she has now become an established institution.

Yesterday the first would-be lady barrister put in an appearance, and failed to effect an entry into the profession of her choice. The name of this forerunner is Miss Bertha Cave. She is youthful and petite, with a fresh complexion and light brown hair.

On page nine, Miss Bertha Cave will be seen pleading her case for admission to the Bar. For at eleven o'clock yesterday morning she herself conducted her appeal against the decision of the Gray's Inn Benchers who had refused her request to eat dinners and undergo the customary examinations.

The case of Miss Cave was heard in camera in the Moses Room of the House of Lords, before a special tribunal composed of the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, and Justices Kennedy, Wright, Walton, Farwell, and Joyce. It was her appeal to Caesar. The Benchers of Gray's Inn had refused to nominate her. This special tribunal could, and it would, set their judgment aside.

The Moses Room is so called on account of a fresco depicting the Jewish prophet on his descent from Mount Sinai bearing the tables of the law, which is a distinguishing feature of its walls.

Round a horse-shoe table sat the Judges, dressed in ordinary street costume. Confronting them, and before a small table that held her papers, stood Miss Cave, wearing a dress of black and white, a neat hat, white gloves, and presenting a general effect of good looks and smartness that was quite contrary to the accepted tradition of the woman professional.

The Case and Verdict.

Sir Arthur Collins, of Gray's Inn, opened the proceeding by briefly stating the reasons why the Benchers had refused Miss Cave's application for admission. Their powers, he said, were derived from the Judges, and the Judges had only granted them permission to admit male students. This finished the case for Gray's Inn.

The Lord Chancellor then called upon Miss Cave.

The would-be barrister picked up her papers, and, squaring her firm chin, began in a somewhat highly pitched voice to conduct her first case.

"May it please your Lordships," she began, showing a perfect familiarity with the conventions of legal formulae, "this, as your Lordships are aware, is an appeal from the decision of the Benchers of Gray's Inn to make no order for my admission as a student. I gather from their decision that they have no power to admit women as students, but that such power might be delegated to them by your Lordships, should you see fit to do so. I am here to-day to appeal to you to delegate such power to them. Although there is no precedent and no rule with regard to the admission of women, there is no rule against their entering as students. Women have been admitted to the Bar in many other countries, and, where they have been admitted, so far as I am informed, they have been very successful as advocates. There seems to be no reason why this country should not allow women to be admitted as students, and I ask your Lordships to direct the Benchers of Gray's Inn to accept my application for admission."

Whereupon the Lord Chancellor, very quietly and without looking at Miss Cave, replied that the matter was merely a question of precedent, and that, as there was no precedent for or against her appeal, their Lordships were not inclined to create one.

The other Judges having concurred in this conservative sentiment, Miss Cave left the room, beaten for the present, but hopeful of the future.

The whole proceedings had lasted barely a quarter of an hour.

Interview with Miss Cave.

Precedent had triumphed. Miss Cave left the scene of her defeat with a little flush on her cheek and an added brightness in her

hazel eyes. Alert and undaunted, she was discovered by our interviewer.

Asked whether the verdict had surprised her Miss Cave answered "Yes."

"Before I was quite hopeful," she pursued. "I really thought they might grant my application. No, their Lordships did not seem the least bit sorry—only thankful. They were very kind and nice in their manner, but I think they had quite made up their minds beforehand. I expect they echoed what the Dutch judges said the other day when the first woman barrister was called—'too many men at it already!'"

"No, I wasn't at all nervous," Miss Cave resumed. "I just stood up and stated my case. You see, I am quite independent. Nobody is 'backing me,' so to speak. And I was no stranger to the processes of a court of justice. I have never read any other books but law-books from choice. Law is a passion with me. So many solicitors whom I know have promised me briefs, so I thought I should like to make a living at it."

Miss Cave had been reading with a barrister since last March, but now, far from giving up her intention to be a lawyer, she will try to get on the rolls as a solicitor.

Her final word was very much to the point, "I think that the men are as mean as they can be," she said; "they would like to keep us out of everything."

THE FAR EASTERN DANGER.

Japanese Feeling in Favour of an Ultimatum to Russia.

The news from Tokio this morning shows an increasing degree of impatience on the part of the Japanese nation with regard to the Far Eastern situation.

Reuter telegraphs that a meeting of the Progressive members of the Diet, held yesterday, adopted a strongly-worded resolution denouncing the Cabinet's foreign policy and expressing the opinion that the peace of the Far East demands the evacuation of Manchuria by Russia. As the meeting of the Diet on Saturday draws closer, this popular feeling increases in favour of the despatch of an ultimatum to Russia, but the Government remains calm.

A report from New York by way of Paris suggested yesterday that an agreement had been arranged by which Japan and Russia made mutual concessions, but this is credited neither here nor in Tokio. Nothing has been heard of it by the Japanese Ambassador in London, or in Tokio.

GOLD MINERS FROM KLONDYKE.

Four of the original miners who pegged out claims in the gold-bearing district of the Klondyke had their cases before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council yesterday on appeal from the Canadian Courts. Their contention was that certain royalties collected by the Crown in 1898 were unlawful.

Their names are Carmack, Chappelle, Tweed, and Woog. Carmack is said to have been the original discoverer of gold in the Klondyke district.

The decision of the Privy Council covered claims to the extent of over sixty thousand pounds, and was given against the four miners.

LADIES' COUNTY HOCKEY.

SURREY BEAT MIDDLESEX BY 2 GOALS TO 1.

An inter-county match between teams of ladies representing Surrey and Middlesex respectively was played at Surbiton yesterday. Both sides were at full strength, and, in spite of the slippery state of the ground, a particularly fast and interesting game was witnessed, the result being a narrow win for Surrey by 2 goals to 1.

The opening stages were in favour of Surrey, and the Middlesex defence held all their work out to keep their goal clear. It was not until the game had been in progress for a quarter of an hour, however, that Miss Wilson succeeded in opening the scoring for Surrey. Afterwards the game became very even, and although Surrey generally had slightly the better of the exchanges, Middlesex were several times within an ace of scoring. Ten minutes before the call of time Miss Wilson, with a splendid shot from the edge of the circle, again found the net for Surrey, who thus proved successful, as indicated above.

Miss Theede, at centre-forward, and Miss Wilson played an excellent game for Surrey, and Mrs. D'Oyly, at right back, was very clean and sure with her hits. For the losers, Miss De Steiger was very speedy at outside left, and Miss Langridge did well at centre-forward. The two backs, Miss Morgan and Miss Monkhouse, were very prominent, and it was mainly due to their efforts that Surrey did not win by a bigger margin. The sides were—

Surrey—Miss K. Woodhouse, goal; Miss Allen and Mrs. D'Oyly, backs; Miss A. Knolly, Miss E. G. Johnson, and Mrs. Armstrong, half-backs; Miss Pennyfurther, forwards.

Middlesex—Miss Brown, goal; Miss Morgan and Miss Monkhouse, backs; Miss Kitching, Miss Langridge, Miss Perkins, half-backs; Miss De Steiger, Miss Gordon, Miss Willis, Miss Eastman, and Miss Thompson, forwards.

After one of the most interesting hockey matches seen this season, Middlesex defeated Surrey by 1 goal to 2. The Southgate Cricket Club's ground at Palmer's Green yesterday by 2 goals to 1.

At Clarence St. Albans, yesterday, Cambridge University Hockey Players continued their successful career, and retained their season's unbeaten record by defeating Hertfordshire by 5 goals (Watson 2, Matthews, Miller, and Andrews 1 each) to nil.

THE FROZEN COUNTRY.

Thousands of Acres of Ice After Recent Floods.

Visions of skating are called up by the sharp frosts of the last day or two. The prospects are at present good. Frost is general over nearly the whole kingdom, no fewer than twelve degrees being registered yesterday in Cheshire, while in the Thames Valley the thermometer fell to 23 Fahrenheit.

It was really a very cold day for the time of year. Last December the coldest day showed twenty-nine degrees; in 1902 the record was twenty-four; and in 1900, Christmas Day, the coldest day in the month, had only two degrees of frost.

The thousands of acres of flooded meadow in the Thames district are covered with ice, nearly an inch thick in some places, and yesterday boys were seen sliding and skating. There is a firm sheet of ice on the Thames Valley Skating Club's water at Teddington.

Skating has actually commenced in South Durham, where the weather is so bitter that work is impracticable in the shipyards.

Prospects in the Cambridgeshire and Lincolnshire Fens are excellent. Miles of splendid ice will be available if the frost holds, and with another twenty-four hours it should be perfectly safe. Only once before in thirty years has the frost put in so early an appearance in this district.

Spalding, owing to the extensive floods caused by recent heavy rains, will offer especially fine facilities.

It was decided last night, at a meeting of the National Skating Association, to bring off the championship contest as soon as the ice is strong enough.

Among those who fail to appreciate the weather are the wild fowl at Hampton Court Palace. They were extremely disgusted to find the Long Water covered with ice. The swans on one of the ponds were equally perturbed, and caused some amusement by sitting dolefully on the frozen waters which the ice prevented them entering.

Heavy snow has fallen at various places on the Continent, the fall at the pleasant Spanish resort of San Sebastian being 3ft., while Bordeaux has also been visited.

Weather prophets speak dolefully of the probability of snow in London if a certain wicked "depression" comes down from the North-West.

FOR THE EMPIRE.

How School-Children Can be Taught Its History and Traditions.

The interest of the rising generation in the Empire, be they British, Canadian, African, or Antipodean, seems assured by the formation of two such leagues as the "School Empire League" and the "League of the Empire."

Yesterday Miss Hughes, late principal of the Cambridge Training College for Teachers, who has just returned from a tour round the world, announced the formation of School Empire League, consisting of scholars in all the four quarters of the globe, who will link all parts of the Empire together by writing letters to one another.

This scheme, with additional features, has, however, been in practical operation for several years; and yesterday the League of the Empire celebrated its third birthday at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bagallay, at Chelsea.

The League of the Empire has for its object the promotion of active and personal interest in the Empire as a whole. Among the chief means adopted to attain this end are "the teaching of Imperial history and conditions, and the supplying to the youth a common bond of literary intercourse by means of correspondence, member with member and school with school."

Various speeches were made yesterday; yet what would have valued more highly would have been the production of several of the letters that have passed between the young people at home and their comrades down the Seven Seas.

DAMAGES FOR DYING.

There seems to be a strong objection to dying in a Jewish hotel.

A Jewish teacher of languages, named Kauffman, recently died in a Jewish hotel in the East End. Yesterday the proprietor of the hotel sued the executors of the dead man, in the King's Bench Division, to recover damages for the injury done to the business by the illness and subsequent death there. The proprietor stated that the hotel was one of the largest Jewish hotels and restaurants in London, and several of the residents left when Mr. Kauffman died. They were of the family of Cohen, descendants of Aaron, and therefore could not stay in the house with a dead body. He would rather have paid £75 than have such a thing happen at his hotel. He only claimed £50, however.

Mr. Justice Lawrence said that he never before heard of a claim against a dead man's estate for such a reason, and gave judgment against the proprietor of the hotel.

The excitement which prevailed on the New York Cotton Market yesterday surpassed even the scene of the previous day. Over 1,200,000 bales changed hands. All the records of the season, sensational though they had been, were broken.

"ZION" SEIZED FOR DEBT.

Raid of Creditors upon Doctor Dowie's Possessions.

The "prophet" Dowie, known as the "second Elijah," has had his property at Zion City seized by the official receivers, on claims of creditors amounting to some £230.

His embarrassment is attributed to losses incurred on the recent New York crusade, which was a failure, though it cost £56,000. As soon as the fiasco became known Dowie was pressed hard by his creditors.

The value of the Zion City property is estimated at \$4,000,000. The prophet's lace and candy industries will be operated by the receivers, but the Zion City bank will remain closed.

Our New York correspondent adds that Dowie's followers have raised £7,000 in an effort to meet the creditors' claims.

Dowie asserts his solvency. He has made the following statement:—

"This is not law; it is a midnight raiding party. Zion has plenty of money. If you offered me five million pounds for Zion I would not take it. I hold outside of Zion securities worth £400,000, and the debts of Zion are between one-fiftieth and one-twentieth of its total value.

"We paid off a number of claims yesterday, and we will pay them all. We are suffering temporarily from our unprecedented growth. I am going to start round the world, and will return on June 30. These troubles will not affect Zion."

THE AFRICAN EMPEROR.

Jacques I.'s Acting Governor-General Explains His Master's Plans.

Yesterday's "Manchester Guardian" contains an interesting column, written by someone who has had a fleeting glimpse of Jacques I., Emperor of the Sahara, and spent an eventful afternoon with Colonel Gouraud, his acting Governor-General.

The fitting glimpse was of "a slight, alert figure, which, though much smaller, reminded one curiously of Mr. Forbes Robertson in a sombre and trying part. He bowed gravely to a little group that saluted him in the hall," continues our historian . . . "and was soon lost in the misty afternoon light. It was Jacques I., Emperor of the Sahara."

"Yours is a great privilege," said Colonel Gouraud, the acting Governor-General, addressing the correspondent. "You are among the very few men in London who have seen his Majesty." The same speaker describes his Emperor as "bigger than Napoleon, about the size of General Roberts, with the look of Custer in his youth." One almost discerns the voice of Mr. Richard Harding Davis, the novelist, behind these magniloquent rousades, and is not surprised to learn that Colonel Gouraud, too, is an American.

Wild Nature and the Phonograph.

"As for the Sahara," pursues the Colonel, "and its wild tribes, we have our plan, and that is, to put it shortly, science. We will charm them, sir, with the phonograph and the gramophone. . . . They will be charmed into the ways of peace by the voice of science. It is poetry, sir, poetry; the whole thing seems like poetry."

Colonel Gouraud also spoke of the extraordinary number of letters which he had received from men in the military, naval, and diplomatic services of Great Britain, the United States, and France, asking for appointments or the privilege of joining the Emperor's household. Many of the names, he said, were distinguished enough to revise the ideas of the most sceptical as to the security and importance of the Empire of the Sahara. "Within thirty days," he concluded, "we could collect an army of 100,000 picked men; within a month we could have a million." This delightful colonel must surely be Irish.

A recruiting officer of his marvellous gifts should certainly go to the War Office.

IN DEFENCE OF BEAUTY.

An Englishwoman who recently visited Canada said the typical Canadian girl's face was hard-featured and sallow, and too often muddy-complexioned.

All Canada has risen to protest against the libel, and Mr. Edgar Wallace, writing from Toronto, undertakes this defence of the "ladies of the snows."

"There is a charm about the Canadian girl which is rather difficult to describe in cold print. That she possesses above the average amount of good looks is beyond dispute; that she is more athletic than her English sister and more womanly than her American cousin is also true.

"She is a Gibson girl with a heart, an English girl with a muscle; a Canadian of Canadians, patriotic, large-minded, and, above all things, very pretty. In French Canada it is a prettiness which, an almost Parisian piquance renders truly delightful."

THE AMERICAN STAGE.

The American theatrical scene (cables Laffan) has been the worst on record. Two hundred and fifty companies have been disbanded, hundreds of actors are "resting," and even the most prominent are doing very little business.

THE FEMALE MISER.

House Full of a Weird Collection of Odds and Ends.

We described yesterday how Mrs. Sarah Chutter, an elderly miser, separated from her husband, was discovered lying dead on the floor of her house by the Slough police.

An inquest naturally followed this discovery, and the evidence elicited gave further extraordinary particulars of the habits and surroundings of the deceased.

After Sergeant Caswell, of the local police, had described how he forced the locks, bolts, and barricades, wherewith Mrs. Chutter had fortified herself between the walls of her house, Mr. Chutter, the miser's husband, explained that he had been separated from his wife for five and a half years. He gave her a house, paid her rates and taxes, and allowed her £1 a week. She was about sixty years old, and he had not spoken to her for two years. He added that his wife had been very cunning and miserly.

Caroline Bishop, a neighbour of the old lady's, said that Mrs. Chutter was always ragged and untidy, and often stayed out till long past midnight, always locking herself in her house when at home.

But Police-sergeant Caswell's evidence, already referred to, was the most striking. All the floors of the house were carpeted inches deep in newspapers, and he had found the body lying in a natural position in a bed or nest of old papers, "Such as a hare makes in the grass."

A New Disease.

The deceased had only taken off her shoes and stockings, and had no doubt slept that way for years. Soap and water she had evidently dispensed with during a similar period, and, though she had a considerable sum invested through the Savings Bank, she was often to be met with begging from door to door, and always pretended to be penniless and starving.

Among the articles piled up in the different rooms the police had found pieces of wood, cigar and cigarette ends, coal, dripping, bread, meat, watches, bottles, jars, flint corks, pieces of iron, hairpins, rags, china, bones, glass, eggshells, buttons, apples, and hundreds of match boxes, hardly two boxes being of the same make.

The grates looked as though they had not known a fire for ages, and all the money in the house was a sixpenny bit and a penny.

Dr. Brickwell said the deceased had been suffering from what the Americans call "house disease." She had evidently lain down from exhaustion, and had died from sheer want of attention, complicated by pneumonia, which was the primary cause of death.

The jury returned a verdict of death from pneumonia, accelerated by self-neglect.

LORD CURZON DISAPPOINTED.

Persian Gulf Storm Delays Landing at Bushire.

The Viceroy of India, in his progress through the Persian Gulf, has approached its principal port, Bushire, off which the vice-regal fleet lay stormbound yesterday. The landing-stage had been prepared with costly carpets, flags, mirrors, oleographs, and chair-deliers, to give Lord Curzon a brilliant reception, and the Persian troops, dressed in quaint uniforms, were there. The Governor of Shiraz, who represents the Shah, had arranged a banquet. The storm, however, compelled the postponement of the landing and reception.

A "MINISTER FOR LONDON."

Last night Sir George Fardell, M.P. for Paddington, and a L.C.C. representing the same quarter of the town, presided at a complimentary dinner given to Mr. Walter Long, the President of the Local Government Board, by the Metropolitan Division of the National Union of Conservative Associations, and proposed not only Mr. Long's health and welfare, but also that the Cabinet should contain a Minister for London, whose sole duty would be to look after the interests of the metropolis.

Mr. Long, rising to respond, differed from the gallant knight. He did not believe that such a creation would be in the interests of London. London strengthened the provinces and the provinces strengthened London, he explained. London should not be separated from the provinces, but the connection between them increased.

ON THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.

To everyone interested in the fiscal problem—and with the best will in the world it is almost impossible to avoid being interested—the "Fiscal Red Book" will be invaluable.

The book, which will be on sale at all newsagents' and bookstalls on Saturday, at the price of threepence, covers in the briefest space every important point of the controversy.

The valuable special articles which have appeared in the "Daily Mail" will be reproduced, together with much new and interesting information.

The book is invaluable to busy people, who want facts in concise form, and Members of Parliament, candidates, and political organisations will find it most useful for distribution among electors. Orders should be given to newsagents at once.

SHORT FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

THE STARS AND STRIPES UPSIDE DOWN.

The White House at Washington has surrendered a second time, for Laffan telegraphs that President Roosevelt has just dismissed the negro who for many years has raised and lowered the stars and stripes that float above the Presidential residence.

On the visit of the H.A.C. to Washington, the poor fellow hoisted the flag upside down, thus converting it into a signal of distress. The President has given orders that in future Old Glory shall be raised and lowered by nobody less qualified than an army sergeant.

THE KING TO MR. ROOSEVELT.

The new British Ambassador at Washington, Sir Mortimer Durand, was received yesterday by President Roosevelt at the White House. Reuter states that the formal speeches interchanged between the President and Sir Mortimer were notably felicitous in tone.

Sir Mortimer informed Mr. Roosevelt that he had been directed by King Edward to assure him of his earnest desire that the friendly relations existing between the United States and Great Britain might be maintained and strengthened, and that he had received his Majesty's command to keep this object constantly in view.

CENTENARIAN BRIDEGROOM.

Johann Kadezavko is surely the doyen of Benedicts.

For nearly a century Johann, who is a peasant farmer in Kostelitz, Austria, tilled his ground, and kept his house in order without feminine aid. But a few days before his 100th birthday he decided to end his bachelorhood, and led to the altar one Karoline Zenack, a comparatively young widow of seventy-eight.

The white-haired pair received the congratulations of the neighbours with a stolidity which pointed rather to a "marriage de convenance," than a case of love at first sight.

RUSSIA'S GENTLE WAY.

The Russian's way with Armenians seems to be little gentler than the Turk's. Recently the Government seized the Armenian Church property, which it had decided to administer itself.

At Elizabetpol, in the Caucasus (says Reuter), a large crowd, resenting this arbitrary decision, assembled before the residence of the Armenian Metropolitan, and asked for explanations.

Acting on the advice of the Chief of Police, the Metropolitan addressed some soothing words to the crowd, who dispersed. A fresh tumult, however, broke out immediately afterwards. The Deputy-Governor, hurrying somewhat late to the Episcopal residence at the head of a detachment of soldiers, encountered the throngs and attempted to drive them before him. Great confusion arose. The Deputy-Governor, thinking the Armenians were trying to resist, drew a revolver and shot an Armenian dead, and his soldiers immediately opened fire on the crowd, killing ten, seriously wounding fifteen, and slightly wounding about a hundred more. Two soldiers were killed. The Metropolitan is now blamed for having stirred up the people to resist, and has been arrested.

AN UNFORTUNATE ERROR.

The object of our latest "little war" is to chastise the Tibetans for their duplicity in refusing to keep their commercial engagements with India, and also for their discourtesy in refusing to meet a British commission and discuss the question at issue.

A letter in the "Times," from Sir Henry Cotton, an authority upon Indian questions, suggests a reason for the unwillingness of Tibetan statesmen to attend a joint conference. When the last negotiations were held in 1892, says Sir Henry Cotton,

One of the Tibetan commissioners who was assisting Mr. Hart was grossly insulted. He was pulled from his dandi—a kind of sedan chair carried by coolies—and dragged by his heels along the road to the police station.

Englishmen were the authors of this outrage, and it was with difficulty that an apology was extracted from them. But I remember well that the Tibetan envoy retired in dudgeon to his own country, and took no further part in the negotiations.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE BUOYANT.

Stock markets were remarkably buoyant and active yesterday. It was the best day seen on the Stock Exchange for a very long time past.

The great rush of business and rise of prices were again seen in the Argentine Railway group. A good deal was also done in the Consols. However, there was the reminder that there are plenty of new loans waiting a chance of coming out, for yesterday the opportunity was seized of launching the long-expected John's nebsburg 4 per Cent Loan. It is to the amount of £1,000,000, and the issue price is 95.

The rise in Consols caused an improvement in Bank shares. The banks mostly value their Consols at 90 in shares. The banks shrewdly, and it had been feared they would set apart a substantial sum out of profits in order to reduce the valuation to 85, but some people now evidently held that with the Consols revival this was avoided.

A poor array of traffics again made Home Railway dealers look gloomy. But the American market was very buoyant, and for the first time for a long while there were substantial American buying orders on our market in the morning. Unions and Atchafons being the chief centres of attraction.

Paris was rather a prominent buyer in various directions, and helped the Kaifer market, while putting all the Foreign Securities better.

"THE LIFE OF THE FLOWER."

In the delightful prose poem on the "Life of the Flower," written for tomorrow's 12-page "Daily Mail," by Maurice Maeterlinck, this brilliant writer takes us into "the garden of the old sage, the same that taught me to love the bees."

His picture of the flowers in this old garden will be placed among the most charming essays which have yet been written by the author of

"THE LIFE OF THE BEE."

SHOTS AT THE BANK.**Further Details of the Supposed Lunatic's Escape.**

The full story of the Bank of England shooting outrage last week, in which Mr. Kenneth Graham, novelist and secretary of the Bank, had a narrow escape, was told at the Mansion House Police Court yesterday, when the supposed lunatic, George Frederick Robinson, was committed for trial.

Robinson, who is a mining engineer, is a short, smartly-dressed man, and looked anything but demented as he listened with keen, intelligent face to the evidence against him. He was charged with firing at Mr. Graham and a doorkeeper, and with threatening two detectives.

It seems when Robinson saw Mr. Graham presented a roll of paper, tied up at one end in black tape, and at the other with white tape. The idea, apparently, was that if Mr. Graham took the white end everything was all right, but if he took the black end it was all wrong, and he was to be fired at.

The roll was handed up and untied. It consisted of three double sheets of foolscap, but the only writing was, in pencil on the outside, these words: "All are concerned."

When Mr. Graham said he had not time to read the paper, Robinson took out a revolver, and, saying "Then take that," fired. The scene that followed has already been fully described—how, after firing several shots, Robinson went into the library, where he was locked in, and finally secured by being played on with the fire-hose.

"Did I point the revolver point-blank at you?" the prisoner asked Mr. Graham.

"You pointed it in my direction," was the reply.

"Then you must have been on the roof," the prisoner rejoined. [The bullet has been found in the ceiling.]

"Point it the Other Way."

Tolmie, the head-waiter, said when Robinson went into the library he closed the door on him. Robinson shouted, "Come in, waiter," but he did not accept the invitation.

Detective Inspector Bacon said he heard Robinson shouting "Come on, you cowards and curs," and he also repeatedly asked for the "tall man"—Mr. Graham. As Robinson pointed the revolver at the detectives whenever they approached him the hose was turned on.

"You could have put him in your pocket if you had chosen," the magistrate remarked, glancing at the stalwart officer.

"No," the reverse was the case; he was as strong as a lion," was the reply.

Robinson here made a remark that the cartridges found did not fit the revolver. To show this was untrue, the detective was proceeding to put the bullets into the weapon when Mr. Freshfield, who appeared for the Bank, exclaimed apprehensively: "Don't point it this way."

Mr. Douglas (the clerk): Nor this.

Magistrate: Point the weapon to the wall.

Mr. Douglas: I have witnessed a similar demonstration in Court, sir, where the magistrate was nearly shot.

The Revolver in Court.

The witness turned with the revolver to the wall and fitted the bullet.

The prisoner: May I have the revolver a minute? (Laughter.)

The magistrate (sharply): No; certainly not.

When Robinson was taken to the police station he made a rambling statement about the gold there was in the Bank, and the poverty in the East End, and said the laws of England wanted reforming.

The magistrate characterised the conduct of the police as "laudable, praiseworthy, and bold," and hoped their services would be brought to the Commissioner's notice.

Robinson, before being committed, made the strange statement that three of the chambers he fired were filled only with gold and candle-grease.

DUKE OF NEWCASTLE'S ACCIDENT.

The Duke of Newcastle, with Mr. Colin and Lady Irene Campbell, met with an unpleasant motor accident yesterday evening, while driving from Retford to Clumber House, the Duke of Newcastle's residence.

While going down Babworth Hill, near Retford Station, they encountered a flock of sheep, and the Duke's chauffeur, who was driving, was unable to clear them. In attempting to do so the car dashed into the sheep and then into a wire-bound fence.

The occupants of the car were thrown out and badly shaken, but luckily no one was seriously hurt. Eight sheep were killed and the motor badly damaged. The Duke of Newcastle and his friends were taken on to Clumber House in a brougham from Retford.

THE FOREIGN PIANO**Driving the English Piano-makers Out of the Trade.**

Where does your piano come from? Is it of English or foreign make?

If it is a foreign one, did you buy it because you could not get an English piano of such good tone so cheap, or was it simply that you did not trouble to notice where it was made?

Of course, if English makers cannot produce a good article, then the foreigner is bound to come in and prosper, and fewer people in this country will be employed in this profitable trade.

But if the English maker does turn out good pianos, and is merely undersold by reason of the fact that the foreigner can employ cheaper labour or can afford to "dump" his goods here with the object of killing the English trade, then he seems to have good reason to ask for some protection.

This, in fact, is what he is doing. At a meeting of the Musical Instruments Trades Protection Association held last night the serious position of the trade was pointed out.

Mr. G. D. Rose, of the firm of Messrs. Broadwood, said that in 1889 the number of pianoforte-makers in England was 131, but in 1902 the number had decreased to 105, or 20 per cent. less. The foreign manufacturers represented in this country were, in 1889, thirty-eight; in 1902, 182.

A resolution was carried that the time has arrived when import duties should be levied upon foreign pianofortes, organs and other musical instruments, and all component parts thereof.

INJUSTICE TO THE CLERGY.

Vicars' Incomes Reduced to £50 and £30 a Year.

Two remarkable cases of hardship among the clergy are recorded in this week's "Truth." The Vicar of Shiffield, near Reading, was presented to the living in 1899. The stipend is £130 a year, with a house. The diocesan surveyor made a special report on the house soon after the induction, pointing out that the walls were badly cracked and advising expensive improvements to the foundations.

The surveyor added a suggestion that the Dean and Chapter of Hereford, as patrons, might undertake the cost of these latter operations. The Vicar, however, could obtain no help from that quarter, and was next called on to pay up a balance for dilapidations unpaid by his predecessor. The living was sequestrated, and the Vicar placed on a stipend of £1 a week till £115 is paid off.

The trouble from insecure foundations has developed, and it looks as if the house might tumble down. If it does (says "Truth") the Vicar will be liable for rebuilding it, so that it seems probable that the living will be sequestrated for an indefinite period.

At the same time the Dean and Chapter of Hereford, the patrons, are drawing in tithes £943 from the parish. These tithes were granted in 1320, "for the rebuilding of" the Cathedral, so long as the work shall last, "but, though only authorised as a temporary measure, their appropriation has gone on for nearly six hundred years."

Another case is that of the Rev. H. T. Owen, Vicar of Trevor, North Wales. His living is worth £100 a year, £70 being derived from the rent of three farms. In respect of one of these the diocesan surveyor three years ago sent in a bill of £1,586 for repairs. The Vicar was given twelve months to pay this sum, and, failing to do so, his living was sequestrated, the incumbent being allowed £30 a year on which to keep a wife and six children.

As there is not the slightest possibility of the amount being paid off, Mr. Owen has the prospect of living on £30 a year till death releases him.

How, asks "Truth," can bishops and deans and well-to-do clergymen allow the working clergy to be in such a condition, and never stir a finger to help them?

The Roman Catholic University at Ottawa has been destroyed by fire. Three hundred persons were on the premises at the time of the outbreak, but all succeeded in escaping with their lives.

To-Day's Arrangements.**To-Day's Wedding.**

Mr. V. C. Gannett, Manchester Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Gannett, Hove, Brighton, and Miss Helen Christie, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Christie, of Shortheath Lodge, Farnham.

General.

The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs attend the County of London Magistrates' Club banquet at the Whitehall Rooms.

Major-General Sir William Gatacre unveils, and the Bishop of Colchester dedicates, a window as a war memorial, Felsted School.

Mr. Wyndham, M.P., attends the dinner of the Liverpool Philanthropic Society.

Lieut. Shackleton, R.N., lectures to the Aeronautical Society of Great Britain, at the Society of Arts.

Theatres.

Apollo, "The Girl from Kay's," 8.
Criterion, "Billy's Little Love Affair," 9.
Daly's, "A Country Girl," 8.
Drury Lane, "The Flood Tide," 8.
Duke of York's, "Letty," 8.

JEALOUS WOMAN'S GIFT.**Sends Her Rival Two Vipers in a Jewel Case.**

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Wednesday Night.

One of the strangest of revenges ever taken is surely that resorted to by the Countess de Pailion.

She and her husband had made the acquaintance of a beautiful young woman named Mademoiselle Léonie Victor in a Paris restaurant, and visits were exchanged.

But the Count de Pailion fell a victim to the charms of Léonie, and his wife swore to be avenged on her too attractive rival. She went to a naturalist and bought a couple of vipers, wrapped them in cotton wool, and placing them in a handsome jewelled case bearing the initials of the Count, told her maid to take the strange gift to Mademoiselle Léonie and leave it "with Monsieur's compliments."

The unsuspecting recipient was still in bed, and her first thought was: "This must be the pearl necklace the Count promised me." But when the case was opened, and the loathsome serpents hissed at the lady in a menacing manner, she hid beneath the bed clothes and shrieked in terror. The maid was equally terrified, but the concierge pluckily ran upstairs and killed the vipers.

In the case was a letter couched in these words:—"When you read this the vipers will have stung you. This is the necklace which the Countess de Pailion presents to you."

A divorce suit will be the outcome of this unpleasant affair.

ALL SORTS OF DOLLS.

Ladies' Work for the Poor Children of East London.

Four hundred and seventeen dolls of all kinds—blue-blooded and well-dressed dolls, bourgeois dolls, blonde beauties, woolly-haired picaninies, brides, babies, and fairies—were made at Mrs. Mansell-Moullin's reception rooms at 69, Wimpole-street, yesterday.

This is the fifth year that Mrs. Mansell-Moullin has collected dolls for the delight of poor East End children. Some of them go to hospitals, and a great number to the Morris Hotel, where they are lent to Board School children who attend the "Happy Evenings." The homes of many of these unfortunate little ones are so wretched that it would be of little use to make presents of the dolls—they would be quickly disposed of—but the sight of the toys at the "Happy Evenings" is a source of great excitement and pleasure.

Many of the most beautiful dolls in the show were sent by Lady Aird, who takes a great interest in this charitable work. The dolls were arranged with the greatest taste. Fairies were appropriately suspended from the ceiling—not, of course, by the neck—a policeman in stockinette was on duty at the door; there was a set of planters and negroes called "Our foreign visitors"; a "crèche" of a dozen babies, with a Chinese nurse; "Three little maids from school," a bride in white satin, with three blushing bridesmaids, in cherry-coloured dresses, and a black satin, and a brown-haired beauty in white, dressed by Mrs. Herbert, a daughter of Lord Strathcona.

The dolls were the work of people of every age, from children of six to an old lady of eighty-two.

THE SENTIMENTALIST'S REPENTANCE.

When Captain Marshall wrote light comedy he was witty, charming, irresponsible, altogether entertaining. Since he took to turning out sentimental drama, his early admirers have despaired of him (though it is true he has gained a host of others).

Now report says he is going to appear again in his original character, that of a humorist. A new piece from him has been accepted at the Criterion, and will follow "Billy's Little Love Affair." It is a modern comedy, and hopes run high of a worthy successor to "His Excellency the Governor."

SHORT HOME NEWS.**DIED GOING TO A CONCERT.**

As Miss Gertrude Malkin, aged seventy, and residing at 9, Sheffield-terrace, W., was on her way to a concert at the Albert Hall, in a four-wheeled cab, she leant out of the window to direct the driver. Unluckily, the door was not properly fastened, and she fell out, fracturing her skull.

She never regained consciousness, and died a little less than an hour afterwards.

Yesterday, at Westminster, a coroner's jury returned a verdict of Accidental Death.

WOMEN'S PETITION TO THE QUEEN.

A petition of Englishwomen to the Queen has been signed within three weeks by about twenty-eight thousand seven hundred women in all parts of the kingdom, appealing to her Majesty to use her influence on behalf of the Macedonian women and children.

Mr. Brailsford, honorary agent of the Macedonian Relief Fund Committee, reports from Kastoria that the mortality among the population is appalling, and unless help comes from England thousands will die this winter.

LORD ROSEBURY AND THE ROYAL SCOTS.

There was an impressive scene yesterday in St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, where a monument was unveiled by Lord Rosebery to commemorate the officers and men of the Royal Scots regiment who lost their lives during the Boer war. Lord Rosebery for about a minute stood bowed and silent before the monument, and then, turning to the audience, delivered a brief address on the history of the Royal Scots.

Pipers played "The Land of the Leal," and as the company dispersed "Lochaber no More."

LADIES AND CHARITY.

Some £25,000 has been left to religious and charitable objects by ladies whose wills are announced to-day.

Miss Susannah Peckover, daughter of a Wisbech banker who left over a million, has bequeathed some £5,000 to local and Friends' charities, the gross value of her estate being £167,000.

A Miss James, of Edgbaston, has devoted no less than £17,000 of her fortune of £19,000 to hospitals and religious organisations, and over £3,000 has been left to charity by Miss Marianne Nash, of Cork.

The large fortune of £477,634 gross has been left by Mr. Henry Pige-Leschallas, of Windlesham, Surrey.

"CASH ON DELIVERY."

The proposed postal "Cash on Delivery" system does not find favour in the eyes of the Grocers' Federation.

Yesterday a deputation from the federation waited on the Postmaster-General to point out dangers to the public which they said the new system would bring about. The small grocers, too, would be unable to make headway against the competition of the large stores.

Lord Stanley assured them that he did not share their fears, but until the Government were assured that the system was for the benefit of the public at large, and that no section of the community would suffer, the system would not be adopted.

A FUNERAL AND ITS RESULT.

Along a street in West Ham a funeral took its slow and solemn way. There were two coaches, and beneath the box of the first was a little coffin. Devout passers-by crossed themselves, and men lifted their caps. It was noticed by the observant that the mourners were all men.

On the black horses tramped in gloomy state until the little procession was opposite a certain barber's shop. Then there was a strange development. Of a sudden the mourners leapt out, rushed into the barber's shop, and began arresting people right and left.

They were, in point of fact, constables, and they had adopted this ingenious, but very gruesome, method of surprising a betting den. Yesterday, at West Ham Police Court, the barber was convicted of permitting his shop to be used for betting, and was fined.

LEICESTER RACES.

Though overnight frost had rendered the ground hard, racing was possible at Leicester yesterday, but there were doubts as to a second day's sport unless the cold snout discontinued. Results of racing:

Race.	Winner.	Rider.	Price.
Monroze Hurdle (5)	Questionable	Gordon	5 to 2
Wigston Hurdle (7)	Kingsor	Box	7 to 2
Deborah Hurdle (4)	Miner Doby	Mr. Payne	10 to 1
Birral Chase (3)	De Rougemont	Mr. Cadman	2 to 9
Broxhills Chase (2)	Lawrence	Mr. Payne	4 to 9
Quorn Hunt C.H.V. (4)	Isocrates	Mr. Payne	5 to 1

(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.)

In the improbable event of racing being possible to-day, the following may win:—Handicap Hurdle (2 miles)—Drummond or Salvador; Belvoir Steeplechase (2 miles)—Nonex or The Gift; Silsby Steeplechase (3 miles)—Liberte or Bob; Oradly Hurdle (2 miles)—Famish or Wild Apple; Town Hurdle (2 miles)—Medallion or Miss Bobs.

ENGLISH CRICKETERS IN AUSTRALIA.

Mr. Warner's M.C.C. team commenced a match yesterday at West Maitland (N.S.W.) against 18 of the Northern district. R. E. Foster captained the Englishmen, who left out P. F. Warner, J. Rhodes, and Relf. The Englishmen fielded thirteen. At the close of the day's play the scores were:—Northern District, 284 (Rev. P. S. Waddy, 99; M.C.C., 144 for one-wicket (Hayward not out, 88; Tyldesley, not out, 81).

* Matinees are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.

ENGLAND'S SHAME.

THE CRIME AGAINST THE CHILDREN.

III.—HOW THE ALIEN CAUSES OVERCROWDING IN THE EAST END.

By ROBERT H. SHERARD.

WE have seen our poor children fed on filth. We have evidence of their miserable physique. We now want to see them in their homes. Environment—let us say breathing-space—has much to do with the healthy development of child-life.

And we are not to forget that the children with whom we are dealing are by birth and circumstance constrained to labour, and that therefore it is essential, indispensable, that they should live under the healthiest conditions possible.

If for various reasons they are weak, and should be subjected to regular medical inspection, if because their mothers were never taught to cook, and knew nothing of the philosophy of alimentation, they are half-starved, let us hope that these little children, from whom we demand, outside of school hours, a weekly labour, a wage-earning labour, of from twenty to seventy-three hours a week, are suitably lodged, decently bedded, so that when they drag their weary little, sick, half-starved bodies home they may get rest.

It is a point of an incidence even greater than the questions of deficient nutrition and excessive overwork. House a child properly and his native strength will help him to fight against the warring elements of too little bread and labour far too great. For—

The number of rooms furnished a good indication of the social status of the children. In Aberdeen "the balance, in respect of health and development," was found to be in favour of children drawn from three and four (and upwards) roomed houses. Aberdeen thus had the advantage over Edinburgh, whose children were drawn mostly from two-roomed houses.

Indeed, of all Edinburgh children, 45 per cent. lived in very small—i.e., one-roomed or two-roomed houses. The ratio of health in both cities harmonises with these facts. Thus there are among all the children examined in Aberdeen 0.5 per cent. in apparent poor health, while in Edinburgh there are 19.17 per cent.

Drink as a Cause of Neglect.

This is from the report of the Royal Commission on Physical Degeneration in Scotland. When we get the report of the new Commission we shall have further confirmation. In the meanwhile we have to look to Scotland for our light.

A very prominent official said to me that he attributes the degeneracy of our children to drink on the part of the parents and to overcrowding. I propose to deal with the drink question later on, but in the meanwhile I would like to say this, that I attribute the misery of so many English homes to a far greater percentage of other causes than that of abuse of alcohol.

The fact is that the working man or woman has not enough money to buy sufficient drink with which to injure his or her constitution to the extent necessary to transmit degeneration and the hereditary alcohol curse to his descendants.

The drink trade is a cash trade. There is no credit given in public houses. Few working men have more than 5s. a week to squander on liquor, and the noble statesman who drives down from Pall Mall in his brougham to the House of Lords to speak amidst the plaudits of England on "The Intemperance of the Working Classes" has probably more alcohol coursing about in his superior system than a wretched working man could imbibe in a four ale bar within a fortnight.

That is, presuming that the noble speaker in question has taken the usual amount of stimulant which is considered necessary amongst our leisure classes.

No Room to Live.

Overcrowding is another question. It is the question. It is, indeed, the root of the evil. And until this root is eradicated, until this evil is wiped out, any effort to remedy what Sir John Gorst calls "the appalling condition" of our children must and will remain barren and jejune of result.

Mr. Hall, inspector of the N.S.P.C.C. for the large district of Stepney, Bow, Limehouse, and Poplar, very emphatically stated to me, in a conversation which we had together in his residence in Burdett-road, that he mainly attributed the wretched physical condition of the children in the East End to overcrowding.

It was in order to be an eye-witness of the evil effects of this condition of things that I went down to the East End, and lived a weary month in the purlieus of Stinkhouse Bridge, one of our most "congested" metropolitan quarters. Otherwise for starvation, suffering, and overwork, there are many other districts, far pleasanter in which to dwell than the sullen and murky East.

"Why do you want to go East?" said Benjamin Waygh to me. "You will find

cases to study quite as interesting within ten minutes' walk of where we are sitting."

But the districts to which he referred—Notting-dale, for instance—do not suffer from this congestion, this overcrowding which we all consider the front and head of the offence against our children.

The Alien Flood.

What is the cause of this, do you ask?

The continuous pumping of alien filth from the kennels and ghettos of Europe, Asia, and America into the East End of London through the sewage-pipes of the steamship companies.

The fact is clearly established that in the East End of London—notably in certain areas within the borough of Stepney—there exists a most serious amount of overcrowding, greatly increased by the continuous gravitation into the district of large numbers of aliens from Eastern Europe.

It is also proved that the increase in the foreign population within these areas has caused the abandonment of houses, almost of whole streets, by the English working-classes and their occupation by foreigners.

Why should foreigners deprive our little ones of the oxygen which, disinherited as they are, is surely their inheritance and right?

A NOVEL WHICH IS BEING TALKED ABOUT.

THE STORY OF A WOMAN WHO LOVES TWICE.

THE CHAMELEON, by Clarence Forestier-Walker. (Dugby, Long and Co. Ltd.)

IF it were not for the name upon the title-page one could hardly believe that "The Chameleon," one of the frankest and cleverest social novels of this autumn season, had been written by a man. Still, the evidence is uncontested, for Mr. Clarence Forestier-Walker is well known in society, and is a relation of General Forestier-Walker and of Lord Tredgar.

For all that, Mr. Forestier-Walker makes his heroine tell her own story with a quite astonishingly intimate and convincing betrayal of her own heart. Indeed, "The Cha-

meleon" is far more naturally feminine, both in style and sense, than any "Love Letters" that have ever been written "necessarily for publication."

A Likeness to "Letty."

Above all, Mr. Forestier-Walker has been greatly daring in two several ways, and has in each done much to justify his courage. He has allowed his Desmond to love with all her heart and soul twice in her life, and, as Mr. Pinero has done in the case of "Letty"—he has at the same time given her a moderately happy ending.

We say "moderately" in spite of the fact that, according to the book, it was entirely happy. For we have to remember that, since it is the heroine who writes, we must take her at her word in the first chapter, where she says:—

To almost every woman there are men who leave some slight mark upon the pages of their lives, but there is only one who leaves a disfiguring blot, like some old wound of which the scar will never quite fade away. That wound is always with me.

None the less, Mr. Forestier-Walker is a formidable comrade of Mr. Pinero's in the battle against the old convention that "when woman loves she loves for ever." The Captain "Willie" who met Desmond—a well-born and well-brought-up girl—casually in the stalls of the Lyric Theatre, and went out walks with her in the evenings, and kissed her once under the cherry tree near Stanhope Gate, floats afterwards out of the story and out of her life altogether. For Desmond goes to Monte Carlo, where she is "friends" with a "nice boy." Then she becomes the pet of an old Russian Duke, and then, for the second time, falls desperately in love with the man whose wife she becomes at last.

Love and "The Lyric."

Apart from the originality of its motive, "The Chameleon" is interesting as representing that girls in society are quite capable of making love in Kensington Gardens, of taking an evening stroll down Bond-street, and of cultivating unsanctioned acquaintances in the stalls of the Lyric Theatre. We leave it to our readers to judge whether or not this is true to life. We confess the story reads very much as if it were reality.



WOMAN'S PARLIAMENT.



"CAN WE AFFORD TO FOLLOW MR. CHAMBERLAIN?"

A Liberal Candidate Says "No."

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

The "woman's view" of Mr. Chamberlain's policy shows such power of analysis that I should personally be quite willing to trust her with a vote, and to prophesy she would use it for free trade!

But she seems to me to want additional facts. She recommends Mr. Chamberlain's scheme because it (1) will give work to the British workman, and (2) will act as an insurance against war, etc.

The first fact she omits is that the only possible way of getting paid for our exports, our shipping services, and our loans to foreign countries is by imports. We not only get a large balance of goods every year, but about five million sterling in gold.

Now, we cannot export or carry foreigners' goods without payment, and if you stop, say, ten million in imports our export of goods or our shipping must lose to the same extent in the long run.

What about the British workman who makes the goods for export—or the British sailor? Could they turn their hands to making, say, cheap German toys?

This exchange of employment might be a loss; it could not be a gain. The balance of imports (goods and services) with exports (goods and services) cannot be disputed. It is adopted fully on p. 99 of the Enquiry Blue-book.

Let your correspondent get rid of the idea that the British workman is being swamped by foreign goods. Last August our Board of Trade reported there were no serious inroads. If our imports are analysed it will be found that eighty-six per cent. of them are food for our people and necessities for our factories.

With regard to the war insurance, we could have no greater advantage in any European war than the fact that much of our food came from America.

No foreign nation dare then proclaim food contraband. This would relieve our fleet of its greatest anxiety.

If, on the other hand, we were at war with America, Canada would be the theatre of operations, and, if Mr. Chamberlain had succeeded in making Canada our main supply, we should suffer terribly.—Yours truly,

LIBERAL CANDIDATE.

3, Hyde Park-gate, S.W.

LONELY LADY SERVANTS.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

With reference to this advertisement which you quoted from the "Bath Herald"—

Two lady servants in Bath are desirous of communicating with others in a like capacity with a view to friendship—permit us to say that the two ladies referred

to in the advertisement belong to a guild which only accepts daughters of professional gentlemen. They must pass an examination in the branch of household work they take up, and must wear a certain uniform and badge.

As yet, the idea of lady-servants is in its infancy, and we are looked down upon by nearly everyone because we have chosen an unconventional way of earning our living.

We have both been in a situation for over a year, and we know no one outside the house. We advertised in the hope of finding some other girls in the same state of unfrictionedness as ourselves who would make a little break in the monotony of every-day life.

Ordinary servants can soon make plenty of friends, as they don't worry about introductions.—Yours truly,

LADY-SERVANTS.

WHY CHILDREN NEED RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

I am only a girl of fifteen, and so perhaps ought not to express my very decided opinion on "The Religious Education of the Children." My reason for writing now is that having been a Sunday-school teacher for some time, I have not only a great interest in the subject, but have also had some experience of it.

I thoroughly agree with "Paterfamilias" when he says that religious, and not only religious but "sectarian," teaching is necessary for children. I think that your correspondent "F. K. Gregory" can have had very little experience of Sunday-schools when he supposes that they are sufficient for this.

It is not "that sectarian religious teaching is no use anywhere," but that we are so limited, and that children are children, and have bad memories. How can small children, from five to twelve years old, learn sufficient of any subject about which they are taught for an hour once a week?

It is necessary that the children should have "sectarian" education to enable them, when they grow up and leave school, to decide to what denomination they mean to belong, for unless they attend some place of worship, and are under the influence of some minister or priest, the good they may have received from their school teaching will die a natural death.

Of course the end to be most desired is that such teaching should be given at home, but at present the parents of the working-classes have neither the time, inclination, nor education for this.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

Bradford-on-Avon.

[Will the writer of the letter signed, "A Woman Without Hope," which appeared in our issue of Nov. 26, communicate with the Editor of the Daily Mirror?]

"IS IT TRUE?"

IRELAND UNDER THE LASH.

THE CAUSES OF HER DECAY.

IRELAND AT THE CROSS ROADS. By Filson Young. Grant Richards, London.

THE object of this essay," writes Mr. Filson Young, in his preface to a very remarkable book, "is not to satisfy interest in Irish affairs, but to arouse it."

Mr. Young so far succeeds in arousing our interest that he continually compels his reader to ask, Is this true?

Let us take some of his assertions and put them in categorical form. That may be a cold-blooded Saxon way of doing things; but it may also be excused on the ground that "Ireland at the Cross Roads" is written for Saxon readers.

Mr. Young, then, asserts among other startling things:

That the Irishman, in the presence of the English tourist, is always playing a part; always attempting to supply the tourist with what he wants—a hilarious being, with an eternal "begorrah" or "bejabers" on his lips, and a fund of well-worn anecdotes and ancient bulls.

Religion and Decay.

That there was never any more absurd idea than that prosperity could be brought to Ireland by opening it up as a tourist resort.

That the drain of emigration has reached a point at which, if it is not arrested, it will speedily wipe out the nation.

That Roman Catholicism is in its essence anti-national; that it is twisted like ivy about the very life of Ireland, and will destroy the tree if its growth continues.

That the richest grazing country in Ireland is inhabited by "silent, purposeless, helpless, and thriftless people, whose personality seems to consist of a mass of vestiges: powers dead, capacities rusted, ambitions dead, propensities frustrated."

That in these vast tracts of untitled land we have a population physically and mentally demoralised, "the best of them recruiting the army of emigrants, the worst of them drifting to lunacy."

That a large proportion of the present misery of Ireland is not only bound up with, but is "actually a result of, the country's religion."

The Increase of Lunacy.

That the houses of the people are indecently poor and small; the houses of the Church indecently rich and large. "Out of the dirt and decay they rise, proud and ugly and substantial. . . ." "It is not that they are planted amid the poverty for its comfort and alleviation; it is that they stand upon it, thrive upon it, produce it, and sustain it."

That, one of the curses and drags upon the life of Ireland is the religious vocation.

That, the crowning achievement of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland is the "complete and awful" chastity of the people. "It is no longer a virtue, it is a blight. . . ."

The pleasant and wholesome social intercourse of young people has been banned and killed. . . . "banned and blighted. . . ." "their very chastity wears not the semblance of a virtue, but of a blight."

That, the mental and intellectual vigour of Ireland is being "tapped and drained off into the vacant world of lunacy."

That, in Ireland we are actually manufacturing lunatics by the thousand.

That, there are no doubt hundreds of people in convents and monasteries who are really religious lunatics.

That, in respect to lunacy, the Church is a chief offender.

A "Man of Letters."

These are the things of the lash which Mr. Filson Young applies to the back of poor Erin. His salve for the wounds he makes and finds is a sympathetic description of the awakening influences of the Gaelic League on the one hand and Sir Horace Plunkett's work on the other. His apology consists of a very beautiful appreciation of some of the tenderest traits in the Irish character.

Mr. Young is one of the few people who write nowadays for the pleasure of writing; and one of the few, therefore, whose writings in itself give pleasure to all who can appreciate it. There are many pages we should like to quote, but gems out of their setting lose half their charm and splendour. This is a piece of literature, and no one who understands the difference between literature and book-making should miss it. If they do, they will miss a rare and real joy.

In any case, if it be only for the interest of its opinions and forecasts, "Ireland at the Cross Roads" is a book which will be read very widely, both by those who know Ireland and by those who feel that they are at a loss for the key to her unhappy story.

And it will be read with the sorrowful question haunting the reader at every turn—Is it true?

If it is true, what hope is there for poor Ireland?

THE LIST FOR THE LIBRARY.

THE WOMAN WHO DARED. (A sensational story.) By Mrs. C. N. Williamson. Methuen.
THE MAKING OF A WOMAN. (A novel.) By Amy Le Frere. Bodley and Son.
CHERRY. (By the author of "Monsieur Beaucaire.") By Booth Tarkington. Harper.
IRELAND AT THE CROSS ROADS. (Brilliant studies of the Irish problem.) By Filson Young. Grant Richards.

ROYALTY IN THE EAST END.

45 and 46, New Bond Street,
Wednesday Evening.

Large and enthusiastic crowds greeted Princess Henry of Battenberg this afternoon on her way to Shoreditch Town Hall to open the Arctic Regions Bazaar in aid of various Hoxton charities.

The Princess, who was accompanied by an escort of Yeomanry, drove down in an open carriage, much to the delight of the people waiting to greet her. She was dressed in dark grey with shaded white feathers in a black hat, and with her were Miss Bulteel, Miss West, and Colonel Colborne in attendance.

At the "Arctic Regions."

The bazaar seemed very appropriately named, considering the weather, but nothing was less Arctic-like than the interior of Shoreditch Town Hall, which was full of quite charming things for sale. A great many people, too, put in an appearance, and a brisk trade was done at all the stalls. Lady Feo Sturt, wearing a most becoming picture hat, with a long white feather, brought Miss Diana Sturt, who were brown. Lady Flower, also accompanied by a daughter, had tea with the Princess, and so did the Dowager Lady Lytton. Mrs. George Cornwallis West had a cluster of white flowers in her brown dress, and a glimpse of vivid orange in her toque, while Miss Crichton looked very nice in pale blue and black; and Lady Blanche Edwards and Lady Bridge were also present.

At the "Arctic Regions."

Christmas presents seem to be absorbing everyone's attention just now, and this afternoon there were no fewer than nine footmen waiting outside the door of one of the big establishments in Regent-street. Lady Chelsea, wearing red with a sealskin coat, was in and out of several shops, and so was Constance Lady De La Warr, who is staying in town for a few days. Princess Hatzfeldt was driving through Bruton-street; Mrs. Harcourt Powell was one of the few women in an open carriage to-day, and others walking and driving were Lady Constance Combe in grey, the Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Granby, looking very cold with his coat collar turned up round his chin, Mr. Walter and Lady Evelyn Guinness, and Lord Herbert Vane-Tempest.

At Prince's.

Turning in for lunch at Prince's Restaurant, the room was quite full with nearly every little table occupied, and a number of interesting people to be seen. Lady Clarke-Jervoise was entertaining a party, and Lord Kimberley and Lord Robert Innes-Ker (who is up this week for the Army examination at Burlington House) were at other tables, while Captain Menzies and Captain Dennistoun were other men there.

A Christening.

The infant son of Mr. Arthur and Lady Victoria Grenfell was christened this afternoon at St. George's, Hanover-square. The names given to the child were "Reginald Pascoe," and his god-parents were Captain Holford, Mr. Pascoe Grenfell, and Mrs. Lionel Bulteel.

To-Night's Doings.

At the Carlton this evening a number of people were dining before going on to the play. Lady Blythwood, in black, with a pearl dog-collar, was at one table, and Mrs. Couder, better known as Miss Amalia Kissner, wearing white, with a diamond and pearl necklace, was dining with Mr. and Mrs. Cumming, the latter dressed in pink, while Prince Wolkonsky, of the Russian Embassy, was among many men. Later on at His Majesty's theatre there was a big audience, amongst whom were the Princess of Monaco, and Sir Charles Euan-Smith.

SOCIAL CHIT-CHAT.

The Duchess of Albany gave a very pleasant little dinner at Claremont the other night, and amongst her guests were Prince Alexander Vincent, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the Duke of Teck, and Sir Edgar and Lady Helen Vincent. The Duchess wore a handsome mauve brocade gown and rows of pearls around her neck, whilst Princess Alice was in pale blue panne, with her hair dressed low in the neck.

Lady Helen Vincent's fair hair was dressed high, with a coronet of diamonds, and round her throat she wore a diamond dog-collar. Her simple black velvet gown, lightened with white chiffon frills, was most becoming. In the centre of the dining-room table was a silver bowl of white primulas, grouped round dinner Miss Florence Ghee sang in most delightful fashion several English and German songs.

The wedding of Prince Alexander of Teck and Princess Alice of Albany is expected to take place at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, the first week in February. Preparations will shortly be made at Windsor for this important event, and the King and Queen will entertain a large number of royal and distinguished visitors at the Castle. The Archbishop of Canterbury will perform the rite,

assisted by other clergy, and the splendid choir of St. George's Chapel will render the musical portion of the service.

Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein will hold a drawing-room meeting at Schomburg House, Pall Mall, at three o'clock on Friday, December 11, on behalf of the League of Mercy, when Lord Kilmorey and Sir William Collins will speak.

The latest engagement to be announced is that between Miss Gladys Palmer, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Palmer, of Frogna, Sunninghill, and 50, Grosvenor square, and Mr. Bertram Brooke, son of the Rajah and Rane of Sarawak. Miss Palmer, who only came out last season, is tall, fair, and very handsome, and, besides being extremely musical, plays the violin remarkably well. This taste she inherits from her mother, whose concerts and musical parties are quite a feature of the London season.

The splendour and display of the modern wedding often strike the spectator as incongruous, but Lord Helmsley and Lady Marjorie Greville have broken through the monotony of the ordinary ceremony in the preparations for their nuptials next month. Flimsy draperies and the soft clinging garments usual on these occasions give an air of unreality to the ceremony on a cold, raw January day.

At this marriage the dominant note of colour in the bridesmaids' costumes will be struck by the red velvet caps, which will afford a vivid and cheerful contrast to their white satin gowns, and Lord Helmsley has satisfied the desire for warmth by giving them white fur "Granny" muffs. Custom



The Peasant Actor Who Played Christ Three Times at Ober-Ammergau.

usually limits the number of bridesmaids, but Lady Marjorie Greville, with a sense of the picturesque, is to be attended by twelve of her young girl relations and friends.

It was certainly most unfortunate, and a great disappointment to all concerned, that the "shoot" had to be postponed at Stratton at a moment's notice, on account of Miss Abercromby's very sudden illness. She is Lady Baring's daughter by her first marriage to Sir Robert Abercromby, and with her mother and Lord Baring spends the greater part of the year at Stratton.

Lord Northbrook is devoted to his eldest son and his charming wife, and has practically given over the management of the place to them, and his daughter-in-law arranges all the shooting parties and other entertainments at Stratton.

Lord and Lady Farquhar, who last week entertained the King at Castle Rising, have another party of distinguished guests with them this week. The preserves on the estate continue to afford excellent sport, and some very enjoyable excursions have been made in bright wintry weather.

An amusing incident occurred while the King was out shooting there last week. In beating through the woods the beaters turned out an unexpected bit of game, in the shape of a monkey, who scampered off, and escaped despite the efforts made to capture it. How the monkey came to be in the woods is a mystery.

HEARTBROKEN GRAND DUKE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Wiesbaden, Wednesday.

The Grand Duke of Hesse has gone to Kiel to stay with his sister, Princess Henry of Prussia. His Royal Highness is quite heart-broken at the death of his little daughter, and he was in urgent need of a change from Darmstadt. At Kiel he is always happy, as Princess Henry is devoted to him, and understands him better than any of his other sisters.

It is said to be her great wish that he should marry the Princess Sophie Charlotte of Oldenburg, who is a most charming young Princess, and certain to make any man happy who may have the good fortune to gain her affections. The Grand Duchess of Oldenburg, the step-mother of the Princess, is an intimate friend of the Princess Henry. The mother of the Princess Sophie was an elder sister of the Duchess of Connaught.

There is a good deal of gossip at present in connection with Prince Eitel Fritz of Prussia. It is said that his Royal Highness will be chosen as the future King of Hungary when the present Emperor of Austria closes his eyes. As the Hapsburgs have reigned for so long over Hungary, and their only fault is that they are not of Hungarian blood, it does not seem likely that the people would put them aside in order to place a Prince of purely Teutonic blood on the throne in their stead.

The Hungarians wish for an Hungarian king, one of their own race. The Arch-Duke Joseph of Austria is the most popular of the Austrian Arch-Dukes in Hungary. He is Hungarian in his sympathies, and his children have all been brought up in that country, and

A FAMOUS PASSION PLAYER.

JOSEF MAYR, THE OBER-AMMERGAU CHRISTUS, DIES IN HIS 62nd YEAR.

No one who has ever seen the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play is ever likely to forget it. No one who saw it in 1870 or 1880, or 1890, will ever forget Josef Mayr, who took the part of Christ in each of these years.

He was a striking figure even in 1900, when he acted as the declaimer of the prologues, by which each scene of the play is preceded. He might have been the Christus for the fourth time. He hoped to be, in spite of his age. Even at fifty-nine he could still have looked and acted the part, but for an accident in 1896 which aged him terribly.

He was felling logs in the mountains—he was a woodman by occupation—and a heavy log fell upon him. For an hour he lay, helpless and in agony, before help came. There was snow on the ground, and his splendid constitution gave way under the double influence of the shock and the exposure. So Anton Lang played the part of Christus instead.

Mayr accepted the blow in a manly spirit. "It would have been the goodness of God," he said, "if I could have played Christus once again; but He has decided otherwise. It is still the goodness of God."

A Man Among Men.

It is this simple-hearted, touching faith which inspires all who take the chief parts in the Passion Plays of Ober-Ammergau, Brisllegg, and other places. They are truly religious people. They regard the play as a solemn ceremony in which they are by the goodness of God permitted to assist.

Mayr was, in his noble bearing and gentle speech, an ideal representative of Christ. His eyes were wonderfully expressive, and his dark hair, flowing round his shoulders, gave him the right appearance without striking an effeminate note. He was, indeed, "a man among men," both in character and in looks.

He took his part in managing the affairs of the little Bavarian community, and in 1900 he was Burgomaster of the village. In this capacity he used to deliver striking little addresses on various occasions. He was especially impressive when he spoke to the couples whom he married according to the civil rite, which by law precedes the religious rite in Germany.

Ober-Ammergau will be mourning his loss for many a day, for everyone in the district knew and loved Josef Mayr.

QUEENS OF THE DOLLAR

New York, Wednesday.

Lady Curzon is expected to reach England, where her sisters, the Misses Leiter, are awaiting her arrival, this month. Then the three are to come over here, according to present plans. Lady Curzon's father, Mr. Levi Z. Leiter, is feeble, and she has been away for a long time. Mr. Leiter prides himself on his rose garden in Washington, and there is always a fresh wreath of roses before the portrait of Lady Curzon in the ball-room.

A Sad Return.

Lady Herbert, the widow of Sir Michael Herbert, who arrived here just after the wedding of her niece, Miss May Golet, and the Duke of Roxburghe, is now in Washington, at one of the hotels, and her sister, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, is with her. It will be recalled that the British Embassy there was thoroughly gone over and refitted for the Herberts. When they went to England in the early summer it was with the expectation of returning in October, and their personal belongings were, of course, left. Now the widowed Lady Herbert has to give her orders about these. Her sons she left in school in England.

Millionaire Widow of Twenty.

Mrs. Hugh Tevis expects to reach London early in the spring, and to be presented at an early Court. She will surely score a success, as she is one of the prettiest women imaginable, and just twenty years old. Besides this, she has the irresistible charm of being a widow, with millions at her command, her husband, Mr. Hugh Tevis, the multi-millionaire, having died on their wedding trip. She is now en route to Italy, and will probably go on to Egypt.

A Pretty Portrait.

The portrait of Mrs. Peter Guinness (who was Miss Bridget Bulkeley) is greatly admired at the Loan Exhibition now being held. It is a charming picture. Mrs. Guinness is in a pink gown and her full face reflected in a long mirror, while her arm is resting on a table on which pink roses are thrown. Mr. and Mrs. Guinness, who came over with Sir Thomas Lipton, are well liked here. All last summer they had a country place on Long Island, where they did a great deal of entertaining, and now they are just settled for the winter in the house of Mr. Hugo Baring, who was one of the ushers at the Roxburghe-Golet wedding.

MID-SURREY LADIES' GOLF CLUB.

This club's competitions for the December medals resulted as follows:—Senior: Mrs. Squire, 103, less 12=91; Mrs. Dailiac, 103, less 11=92; Mrs. Heaton, 93, scratch=93; Miss A. Roberts, 97, less 4=93; Mrs. Hunter, 94, less 11=83; Mrs. Calloway, 104, less 8=96; Mrs. Nott Bower, 109, less 9=99; Miss Tucker, 105, less 10=95; Mrs. Harvey, 109, less 15=94; Miss G. Roberts, 110, less 15=95; Miss L. M. Miles, 121, less 24=97; Miss E. Hemmingsway, 113, less 14=99; Mrs. T. H. Lewis, 116, less 17=99.



THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3.

"So many worlds, so much to do."

"So little done, such things to be."

Tennyson.

Many happy returns to:—

Princess Mary of Hanover. [Katherine Duchess of Westminster. Lady Grace Bridges. Lady Dorothy Osborne.]

Princess Mary of Hanover is a royal lady who is comparatively little known in this country. She is the younger sister of Princess Frederica of Hanover, whose romantic marriage to Baron von Pawel Rammingen had the entire sympathy of the late Queen, who was particularly fond of her "Cumberland" cousins.

Katherine Duchess of Westminster possesses the unique distinction of being her sister-in-law's stepmother. She was a daughter of the late Lord Chesham, and married the late Duke of Westminster as his second wife in 1889; by her brother, Lord Chesham, having some years previously married Lady Beatrice Grosvenor, the second daughter of the first Duke of Westminster.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. COUSIN KATE.
TO-NIGHT, at 9.
Proceeded at 8.30 by SHADES OF NIGHT.
MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S. MR. TREE.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.

(LAST WEEKS) Shakespeare's KING RICHARD II. (LAST WEEKS)
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.15.
Box-office (Mr. F. J. Turner), ten to ten.—HIS MAJESTY'S.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. LEWIS WALLER.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.
MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.
SPECIAL MATINEE WEDNESDAY NEXT, Dec. 9.
Box-office open 10 till 10. IMPERIAL.

COURT THEATRE. MR. J. H. LEIGH.
Last Week of THE TEMPEST.
Every Day 2.30. No Evening Representations except 60TH PERFORMANCE and SOUVENIR NIGHT, Dec. 5.
Box Office open 10 to 10. Telephone, 5024, Westminster.

SHAFESBURY. Lessee, Geo. Musgrove.
WILLIAMS AND WALKER. IN DAHOMY.
The only real cork walk.
MATINEES WED. and SAT. 2.15. NIGHTLY. 8.15.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER—AUTUMN TOUR—THIS WEEK.
THEATRE STRATFORD.
The run of OLD HEIDELBERG will be resumed at the ST. JAMES'S on MONDAY, January 25.

PERSONAL.

SILVER and JEWELS bought for cash.—Catchpole and Williams, 510, Oxford-street, London, W., are prepared to purchase second-hand plate and jewels to any amount. Articles sent from the country receive immediate attention.

LOST your locks? Lost your lover? Use "Hinde's Curlers" with recover.

BERGEE'S HAIR DYE—Absolutely perfect, natural, reliable, permanent. No fading. Representations except 60TH PERFORMANCE and SOUVENIR NIGHT, Dec. 5. Box Office open 10 to 10. Telephone, 5024, Westminster.

HINDE'S HAIR BIND, 6d. Essential new style colours.

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST, 23rd, Aberdeen terrier (female); reward—23, Carlton House-terrace, London, S.W.

LOST, MRS. Maud, New Oxford-street, Tuesday, 24th; 5s. reward.—Riorden, 12, Noel-street, Oxford-street.

GOLD chain purse, with small spray of rose diamonds on end and three diamonds on chain, lost on Sunday, November 22nd, at or near De Vere-gate.—£2 reward will be paid by Maurice Moss, Jewelers, 444, Oxford-street, W., for its recovery.

LOST—10s. reward.—On 29th ult., between address below and Brickley-road, Chiswick, a gold heart set with ruby and brilliant.—Apply, 24, St. Mark's-terrace, Kensington.

LOST, 10s. reward.—Plain gold pocket, initial E., containing photo.—Finder handsomely rewarded for returning same to Bird, 133, Princes-street, W.

LOST, a small black leather carrying surgical instruments, etc., between Southampton (Jury Train) and South Kensington.—Any person finding and taking it to the Lost Property Office, Waterloo, will be rewarded.

DOG found, ribbon round neck.—Apply 27, Princes-gate-ways.

LOST on omnibus November 20, two violin bows, addressed to Lamy, 10, Charterhouse-street, one is without lapping, and marked "Ernest Thibouville-Lamy." The second, a Chanot, probably not marked, ivory tip cracked.—£1 reward will be given on recovery by Julius Southern and Son, 109, High-road, Balham.

LOST, two books on Colorado, in brown paper parcel, 18th November.—Please return to 1, Cottage-grove, Camberwell. 10s. reward will be given.

PUBLIC NOTICES.

THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST will be CLOSED for Town THIS DAY (Thursday), December 3, and for the Country on Friday, December 4, 1903. G. BEER, LIMITED, Paris, 7, Place Vendôme; London, 51, Sackville-street, Piccadilly, W.1. Nice, 5, Avenue Massena; and Monte Carlo, Avenue de la Madone.—Secretary and agents (per telegram), JAMES H. HENDERSON, 31 and 33, BROAD-STREET, AVENUE.

MRS. JOSEF CONN will LECTURE to ladies on PHYSICAL EDUCATION at the BECHSTEIN HALL, Wigmore-road, on FRIDAY, December 4, at 3 p.m.—Particulars under "Lectures." See also Cramwell-road, S.W., or The Grafton Galleries, Grafton-st.

CORSETS—DO NOT THROW AWAY YOUR OLD FAVORITES, when properly repaired they answer in every way the purpose of a NEW PAIR. We have special machinery for CLEANING and generally RENOVATING old corsets. We also COPY corsets in three days. An imitation is made in every case, and if not agreed to we return corsets carriage paid.

J. ROSEBAUM and SONS, Corset Makers,
115, WESTMINSTER-GROVE, W. and City.
Corsets made to measure in three days from 5s. 6d.
Please mention "Daily Mirror."

BIRTHS.

ASHLEY—On Nov. 30, at Lincoln House, Teddington, Frances, the wife of John George Ashley, a daughter.

BLYTH—On Nov. 28, at Etrich House, Attercliffe, Sheffield, the wife of James Blyth, M.D., of a son.

HORLICK—On Nov. 25, at Chicago, Illinois, the wife of Ernest Burford Horlick, eldest son of James Horlick, Esquire, J.P., D.L., Cowley Manor, Gloucestershire, of a daughter.

LIDDIARD—On Monday, Nov. 30 (St. Andrew's Day), to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Guthrie Liddiard, of 15, Norfolk-road, Thornton-leath, Surrey, a son.

MULLINER—On Dec. 1, the wife of Arthur F. Mulliner, Albion Lodge, Northampton, of a daughter.

TROTTER—On Nov. 24, at Eridath, Sidcup, Kent, to Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Trotter—a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

HART-VON HALL—On Dec. 1, at the Babbington Synagogue, London, by the Very Rev. the Chief Rabbi and the Rev. Dr. Hermann Goldschmidt, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Samuel and the Rev. Dr. Henry Hart, the eldest son of John Hart, of 110, St. Andrew's-avenue, Maida-vale, London, and Florence, eldest daughter of John Hart, of 110, St. Andrew's-avenue, Maida-vale, London.

HASSLACHER-BLAKISTON—On Nov. 26, at St. James's, Spanish-place, by the Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S.J., assisted by the Very Rev. the Dean of St. James's, the Rev. Canon Fanning, Anthony James Hasslacher, son of the late James Hasslacher, of Stonehenge, Weybridge, to Eleanor Marie Blakiston, eldest daughter of Arthur Blakiston, of 5, Grosvenor-street, Grosvenor-square, W.

STEVENS-PURVES—On Nov. 25, at Christ Church, Leicester-gate, by the Rev. C. J. Ridgway, M.A., Preliminary of St. Paul's, Vicar of the parish, Nathaniel Mulhish, Captain of the 1st Pioneer Battalion, Indian Army, eldest son of the late Lieut-Colonel N. J. C. Stevens, Royal Dublin Fusiliers, and Josephine, the only daughter of the late William Purves, Esq., and Mrs. Purves, The Hermitage, North Sydney, C.B., Nova Scotia, Canada.

DEATHS.

BOLDERO—On the 1st inst., at Glenrick, Wimbledon, after a brief illness, Anna, widow of late Lieutenant-General George Noel Boldero, aged 73.

COBAY—On Nov. 30, at Hythe, Kent, Henry Thomas Cobay, aged 40 years.

COCHRANE—On Nov. 30, at Bradshaw, West Calder, Midlothian, James Cochrane, in his 73rd year.

HUTCHINSON—On Nov. 30, at Ashley Lodge, South-road, Forest-hill, S.E., Martin Hutchison, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Hutchison.

ROUGE—On Nov. 25, at Uppingham, Etienne Indore Rouge, aged 75.

TOD—On Nov. 30, very suddenly, at Croftside, Beecroft, near Bath, Major E. E. Tod, late 43rd (Oxford Light Infantry), aged 65.

NOTICES TO READERS.

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The Daily Mirror.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1903.

TELO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

Seven Judges and a Lady.

WOMEN have often figured as pioneers, but it is not often that so great a cause has been ventured with so much spirit and so poor a result as that involved in the case of Miss BERTHA CAVE, which was decided at the House of Lords yesterday.

The case is briefly as follows. Miss CAVE desired to enter the legal profession with a view to practising as a barrister, and applied to the Benchers of Gray's Inn to be admitted as a student there under the ordinary conditions. But when the Benchers began to look into the matter they found that there was no provision either for the admission of women to, or their exclusion from, the Inn; it had, in fact, never occurred to the lawyers who drew up their constitution that their sacred precincts would ever be in danger of feminine invasion. They referred the matter to a committee, which refused Miss CAVE's application; and it was her appeal against this decision which brought her into the House of Lords yesterday.

The Lord Chancellor and his colleagues occupied very little time in deciding that Miss CAVE could not be admitted to the profession—a decision which, with all due respect to their lordships, we cannot help regarding as rather ridiculous. They simply decided that there was no precedent, that this terrible thing had never happened before, and therefore could not be permitted to happen now. It is, indeed, a strange reason against anything; but it is stranger still when it is applied to this particular matter. For the question before this committee was neither "Are women likely to make good lawyers?" nor "Is the work of a barrister suitable work for a woman?" It was a simple question as to whether, in the absence of any enactment to the contrary, they were to be admitted to equal privileges with men in an Inn of Court. And in the Lord Chancellor's decision that there was no precedent, he has himself created a precedent which places a further obstacle in the way of women who wish to choose the law as a profession.

In this decision their lordships have placed themselves entirely at the mercy of their fair rivals. Cowardice will undoubtedly, and with at least a suspicion of reason, be attributed to them; and it will further be said that, if they had not been afraid of the competition of women in the legal profession, they would, in the interests of human enlightenment at least, have admitted women to the profession. Women undoubtedly have greater powers of persuasion than men, and might conceivably bring to bear upon even a stolid British jury eloquence of a kind that would make the finest rhetoric and logic of the masculine pleader of little avail. But however that may be, we can only regard this as a singularly undignified judgment.

And even if we are all agreed that the legal profession is not an ideal one for women, was it necessary thus to exclude them from it by main force? It seems to us a question which would speedily have solved itself. To begin with, only a very few women would care to devote themselves to such a life. And still fewer, we believe, would succeed in it if they did choose it. Not many people would care to employ a woman advocate when they could have the

services of lawyers who both by temperament and training are more likely to succeed in a purely logical encounter. But that, as we have said, makes yesterday's decision worse instead of better. Women have, as compared with men, already more than enough disabilities in the battle of life; and to put another obstacle in their way is, we think, a contradiction of that modern spirit which wishes to see them at least as little handicapped as possible.

"Walking Out."

If misplaced sympathy is, as some think, responsible for half the pathos of life, what shall one say of Sir Oliver Lodge, the eminent physicist of Birmingham? Amid a thousand presumably profounder studies he has found time to interest himself on behalf of the servant-maid. He seeks, in the goodness of his heart, to relieve her of the horrible duty of "walking out." He proposes, instead, "social institutions," with piano, reading-room, and other delights. This is very sweet of Sir Oliver. But we fear it is sympathy astray. Sir Oliver may be able to calculate the movements of an electron to the millionth of an inch, but it is only too clear that with all his knowledge he can have learnt very little regarding the simple phenomena of a "teeny's" heart.

For we are pretty sure that she would tell him, if she were asked, that so far from considering "walking out" an onerous responsibility, she absolutely enjoys it. She might even go so far as to say that she prefers "lover's lane" to any "social institution," and that the tinkle of the softest piano in the world sounds harsh compared to the whispers of a certain young man whose name she could disclose an she would.

In short, so far from needing any commiseration as regards "walking out," there is every reason to believe that she is very extensively envied on account of it by girls higher up in the social scale. We commend, for instance, to Sir Oliver's attention, a letter which has been written to the *Daily Mail* by a "young girl" who describes herself as being "in a good station of life," but none the less signs herself "Desperate." Sir Oliver will be interested to notice that she despairs because girls of her class have "no opportunity of knowing anything about the men they are going to marry, being in that respect much worse off than Molly the kitchen-maid and William the footman, who can 'walk out.'"

This for Sir Oliver. For ourselves we cannot but think that knowledge of man is hardly what the girl of the period lacks. Indeed, we remarked the other day that the lamentation of the modern girl is usually of quite a contrary nature. It is that she has too frequent an opportunity of acquaintance with the modern man—that she has lost even that brief rapture of illusion which "the girls of yesterday" were able to enjoy.

But if the question of "walking out" has little to do with knowledge, it has a deal to do with romance; and here we cannot but think that Molly and William—presuming they are a discreet young couple—are at an even greater disadvantage than their young mistresses. What both she and they want is not less "walking out," but more. In Molly and William's case, however, the conditions are infinitely harder. They may certainly "walk out," but where? Lovers like Miss "Desperate" can, after all—though she pretends, little mix, to know nothing about it—easily find secluded places in places like Earl's Court. Poor Molly and William have really nowhere to go to escape a vulgar and disconcerting publicity; unless, indeed, they adopt the expedient—unknown—of getting penny tickets at an underground railway station, and walking up and down the platform. Are they to be envied for that?

None the less, "walk out" they must, and will. We condemn the "social institution" idea as grotesque. Whoever entertains it can never have been young, or else must have forgotten. Surely "society" is the very thing to be avoided; and as for "institutions," is not "walking out" the oldest institution in the world? Did not Adam and Eve "walk out"? Did not Shakespeare and Ann Hathaway? It is no matter of class. Molly and William, poor things, are noticed because they have to "walk out" in public. But there never were lovers yet who did not "walk out" somewhere, kings and queens and all, and let us hope there never will come a time, even in London, when boys and girls will seek in vain some place where they may wander, "dreaming in darkness and dew."

VULGARITY OF WEALTH.

FASHIONS SET BY THE DAUGHTERS OF THE NEWLY RICH.

THE increasing power of wealth is an accepted factor in English social life. Money not only buys much that our forefathers would never have sold, but, when possessed in a large amount, it seems now to confer on its owners the tacit permission to behave as eccentricity or lack of breeding may suggest.

Accustomed from her birth or childhood to the spectacle of her parents opening all doors with a golden key, the rich man's daughter learns to use her power unconsciously—and with undesirable result upon the society into which she is admitted. Brought up in an atmosphere charged with the uneasiness of the unaccustomed, and the ignorance that is masked by an effrontery—this becomes a settled mannerism by repetition—she brings the traditions in her blood, and her anomalous breeding, to play upon the observances of society. Her father's wealth allows her to exhibit her individuality in its worst and its best aspects.

Fashions in Vulgarities.

It has been said that the freedom accorded to the American girl is one of the causes that have led to a lessening of the restrictions which formerly hedged English girls. But the real cause comes from within, not from without; and it lies with the rich man's daughter.

Twenty years ago an unmarried girl who painted her face, who wore diamonds, went about London only under the most superficial chaperonage, or none, and who talked openly upon subjects which did not ruffle the modesty of the ladies of the Court of Louis Quatorze or the second George, would have been instantly ostracised. But to-day the rich man's daughter is immune.

She may do all, or any, of these things, and whilst her father has shooting parties in the country, gives balls and dinners at a palace in London, and "does things well," the daughter occupies a position akin to that of the great and ruling of the earth. She never hears the truth. If the father is one of the colossal rich she sets a fashion of vulgarity which is speedily imitated.

A Millionaire's Daughter.

No young-unmarried girl would have dared to appear in a London ballroom "made up," like a chorus girl about to appear on the stage, with raddled cheeks and blackened eyebrows and eyelashes, until the daughter of a millionaire plutocrat made it the vogue.

The rich man's daughter, in fact, has had a lasting effect upon dress, an effect that has permeated down until it influences every class in the community. Before her advent in society elaborate jewellery and rich stuffs were unknown amongst young, unmarried girls. The rich man's daughter, able to satisfy all the dictates of fashion, followed the example of the married woman and hung herself about with chains of precious stones, and bedecked herself with elaborate chiffons and costly laces.

She has had her imitators in every degree, the imitation, like a reflection of a reflection seen in many mirrors, growing weaker and weaker, until finally it has resolved itself into the sham jewellery, the cotton lace, and pitiful would-be "smartness" of the meek in station and humble of purse.

Men have noticed the invasion of the rich man's daughter and its effect with dismay; women seem to have accepted it, regarding her as an excellent opportunity for the settling of their brothers and sons in a gilded matrimony.

LINES TO A H-T W-T-R B-TTL.

Let him who will
Imbibe and swirl
From bottle clear or crusty;
They're taught to me
While I have them
My bottle tied and trusty.
In thy embrace I scoff and jeer
At tempests bleak and rude.
With thee at hand I will not fear
Remote decrepitude.

While others sneeze
And shake and freeze,
I feel 'neath thy caresses
A cordial glow
Creep to and fro'
My chilly frigidities.
Yet when the night begins to flee
And skies are faintly blue,
My fickle heart grows cold to thee,
For thou art colder too.

Let toppers name
With loud acclaim
The bottle of their pleasure;
There's not a brand
In all the land
To match with thee, my measure!
For when thou'rt filled with water hot,
And placed near frozen feet,
The magic thrill of Spring is not
So delicately sweet.

"MODIFIED MILK."

**HOW PURITY AND WHOLESOMENESS
CAN BE ASSURED.**

AN INTERESTING NEW FARM.

TWENTY minutes walk along the road from Sudbury Station you notice a sign-board amid a wide stretch of meadowland directing any seeker's steps to the Walker-Gordon Laboratories. A little further you reach the home of "Milk as it should be."

Farm—as far as cows are concerned, but undecorated by the cock-a-doodle of poultry or the grunting of pigs! Dairy—as far as milk is concerned, but unconcerned with the production of butter or cheese. Medical dispensary—since there sit trained dispensers making up physicians' prescriptions for invalids and babies!

But the items on the prescriptions are only the various elements of pure milk, first scientifically split up, and then re-combined in the varying proportions which the particular state of the particular baby or invalid require—their proportions varied from day to day by the physician according to the patient's individual state of nutrition, just as he would vary any ordinary prescription dispensed by a chemist.

The farm has not been there very long—a few months only. And it is the first in England to add to itself this laboratory for the scientific modification and the adaptation of milk to the individual in this degree.

The system, when adopted by a larger circle of medical men, will render available an unlimited measure of salvation for babies. But apart from its dispensary, its ordinary work is full of interesting special features for the preservation of the purity of milk.

The Well-groomed Cow.

The cow here is a well-brought-up animal, trained in the habit of a daily bath! She is washed down from head to foot with carbolic and carefully groomed each day before she goes into those pleasant fields for morning exercise. Her diet is carefully studied; grain food is absolutely prohibited; bran, pea-meal, maize-meal, chaff, and a very small measure of mangel are prescribed.

In return for these considerations her friends

feel annoyed with her, and much surprised, if her milk contains a fraction less than 4 per cent. of fat, 4 per cent. of albumenoids, and 3.50 per cent. of sugar. She rarely fails.

Called in for the afternoon, she finds herself in a beautiful shed, constructed with malicious hatred to the microbe. The troughs are hollowed out basin-wise. No corners; no angles; the microbe made those chinks his dwelling place! He can do so no longer! The walls are lined with galvanised iron, with a burnt porcelain facing.

Again, all the milking parts are carefully washed, and then the milkmen go to the sterilising house and don large overalls and caps, sterilised between each milking. Also from the several compartments of that sterilising house they fetch a sterilised milk pail, milking stool, and sheet, which is thrown over the lady for the time.

The milk pails are examples, and simply common sense, too! Each is fitted with a close cover, having a perforated gauze centre, and over it a new sheet of sterilised cotton wool. Consequently all the milk is filtered through the cotton wool on its passage into the pail, and is protected by it from all further contact with the outer air until, after being weighed, it is taken to the cooling house where the filtering lid is removed that the contents may be poured into the large cooler.

Cooled, Not Sterilised.

This is another of the features. The sterilising of milk is the destruction of all its valuable anti-scorbutic properties, so, though the process kills its impurities, it also destroys properties essential to health. To an adult it matters very little, since the same properties are contained in many of the other foods of daily life; but the baby living only on milk is in quite a different case—hence the non-adoption of sterilised milk in children's hospitals.

But the microbe has almost as keen a dread of cold as of the sterilising steam, and succumbs to it as readily. Hence, at this farm, the milk is immediately chilled down within two or three degrees of freezing-point—the thermometer when removed registering 35 Fahr. Drawn through the cooler the general supply is then immediately bottled in litre and half-litre bottles, sealed with an air-tight wood-pulp seal, and placed in the ice-water tanks in the adjoining room, until packed in refrigerating cases in time for the waggon arriving at three o'clock in the morning to bring them to town.

The cooling is done from an engine working

the whole of this building, by means of brine-filled pipes. As to its efficacy, a sealed bottle of milk placed there for experimental purposes six weeks ago was opened for my benefit, and I drank with neither hesitation nor regret!

Here, too, in the cooling house, the milk required for modifying according to prescription, awaits the arrival of the dispensers. It is then removed to the dispensary adjoining the sterilising house of many compartments—cubicles for bottles, pails, milking stools, clothes, and for the sterilising of the milk for exportation—sealed bottles being sent regularly to customers in Australia, Buenos Ayres, etc.

The dispensary caters principally for baby-customers, of course. The equipment is mainly an enormous number of twelve-division baskets—like those sent out by a wine-merchant on a minimised scale, accommodating four-ounce, six-ounce, or eight-ounce tubes, from which the baby feeds without transference.

Each basket bears the name and address of its patient. And as many feeds as are prescribed for the child during the twenty-four hours are made up in these, according to its individual milk-prescription, and packed in its own basket, each hermetically sealed.

On arrival, the nurse has nothing to do but warm it to the ordered temperature, by standing it in hot water, and then replace the seal with the mouthpiece. It thus never again comes in contact with the open air, nor is touched by a human finger. At the hospital the baskets are again placed in refrigerators and drawn from as required.

Presently, the coming Municipal Crèche, and the already-here Public Dispensary, will discover that milk is medicine for babies, and see their way to assisting in an organised way to make pure milk available, suited to the sick babies that are brought to them, charging according to parental means for it, with a public fund to supplement the charges for the sake of national physique and humanity.

CHAMBER MUSIC CLUB.

The new Chamber Music Club will hold its first meeting on Saturday evening at 9, Argyll-place, Regent-street, W.

This club has been started with the idea of having regular meetings for the purpose of performing chamber music. Only professional members of the club are to take part in the performances.

Miss Fanny Davies is the president, and the committee consists of six ladies.

WHERE FALSE HAIR COMES FROM.

The demand for false hair is evidently increasing greatly. An eminent authoress recently stated that ninety-nine out of a hundred women wear wigs. And now the "Family Doctor" announces that Europe no longer affords sufficient supplies of false hair. Large quantities have to be obtained from Asia Minor, India, China, and Japan, and after being boiled in diluted nitric acid this hair is dyed to the tint which is most fashionable.

Until recently the demand has been principally supplied from Germany, where the peasant women regularly sell their hair for exportation.

THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY'S APPEAL.

The Duchess of Albany is making a special appeal for funds to enlarge the Albany Institute, Deptford.

The institute, which was opened in 1899, is situated in the poorest part of Deptford. At the time of its foundation sufficient land was bought to allow of enlargement, and the committee now find that a hall capable of accommodating 500 persons is now necessary, as are also residences for the staff. To provide this, £10,000 is needed.

The appeal is endorsed by the Bishop of Rochester, the Lord Mayor of London, the Bishop of Southwark, Mr. Marshall Hartley (President of the Wesleyan Conference), Lord Llangattock, and Lord Strathcona.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE NURSERY.

There will be joy in the nursery kingdom this winter, for cod liver oil has again risen in price, and is now so dear that thrifty mothers will have to give their little ones some less expensive and less nasty remedy.

For the last year or two oil has been growing dear; it is hard to say from exactly what cause. This is serious, for, says a well-known chemist, "there is nothing like oil. Emulsions and malt extracts are, after all, not so efficacious. The delicate children will be the real sufferers by the scarcity. If a bottle of oil costs 3s. instead of 1s. 6d., which used to be the price, a customer will try to make it last twice as long."



Miss Cave, the would-be Lady Barrister, before the Judges at the House of Lords.

(See page 3.)



Double Harness

BY Anthony Hope

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

TOM COURTLAND: A man unhappily married.
GRANTLEY IMASON: A young man in love.
SIBYLLA CHIDDINGFOLD: Grantley Imason's fiancée.
JEREMY CHIDDINGFOLD: Sibylla's brother; a hater of matrimony.
MUMPLES: A nurse—housekeeper—companion.

HOW THE STORY OPENS.

The following synopsis will be useful to those readers who were unable to obtain the copies of the "Daily Mirror" containing the first two instalments.

Scene.—The high swelling downs, near Mildean village. In the distance the gleam of the sea.

Tom Courtland and his host, Grantley Imason, were lounging on the turf, chatting lazily.

"What a bore to leave this and go back to town—back to my wife," said Courtland, presently.

Imason glanced up with a look of satirical amusement. "You're encouraging company for a man who's just got engaged," he remarked.

"It's the devil of a business," said Courtland. "And no end to it—none in sight! I don't know whether it's legal cruelty to throw library books and so on at your husband's head."

"Depends on whether you ever hit him, I should think, and they'd probably conclude a woman never would," said Grantley.

"But what an ass I should look if I went into court with that sort of story!"

"Yes, you would look an ass," Grantley agreed. "Doesn't she give you—well, any other chance, you know?"

"Not she! My dear fellow, she's most aggressively the other way."

"Then, why don't you give her a chance?" asked Grantley.

"What! to you mean—"

"Am I so very cryptic?" murmured Grantley, as he lit his pipe.

"I'm a Member of Parliament," said Courtland. "Besides there are the children. I don't want my children to think their father is a scoundrel. . . the children complicate it so. Wait till you have some of your own, Grantley."

"Look here—steady!" Grantley expostulated. "Don't be in such a hurry to give me domestic encumbrances. The bloom's still on my romance, old chap."

They talked in this strain for a few moments and then strolled down to the village, where they passed the creeper-clad house which was the home of Grantley's fiancée Sibylla.

Outside the little post office the two men met Mr. Jeremy Chiddingfold, Sibylla's brother, who expressed his hatred of marriage. "It's an invention of the priests," he said heatedly, and the conversation turning from the general to the particular, he volunteered the information that his sister Sibylla had "the deuce of a temper," and told of her quarrels with Mumples (an old woman described as a nurse-housekeeper-companion).

When Jeremy left them Courtland, the much-married, turned to Grantley and said, "I wonder how you are going to manage Miss Sibylla?"

Grantley laughed easily.

The next afternoon found Grantley cantering over the downs towards Fairhaven. Presently he saw Sibylla. He touched his horse with the spur, and galloped towards her.

"When we're married, Grantley," she said, "you shall give me a horse, such a good horse, such a fast horse—as good and as fast as dear old Rollo. And we'll ride—we'll ride together—oh, so far and so fast against the wind, right against it breathlessly! We'll mark the setting sun, and we'll ride straight for it, never stopping, never turning. We'll ride straight into the gold, both of us together, and let the gold swallow us up."

She begged him to let her ride behind him and "set her foot lightly on his."

"My arm round your waist," she cried. "Why, I'm splendid here. Gallop, Grantley, gallop! Think somebody's pursuing us and trying to take me away."

Now and then he cried something back to her as they rode; but for the most part he knew only her arm about him, the strands of her hair brushing against his cheek as the wind played with them, her short, quick breathing behind him, her short, quick seemed to join in the revel, so strong and easy was his gait as he playfully pulled and tossed his head.

Her breath came quicker, faster; he seemed to see her bosom rising and falling in the

stress. But he did not stop. Again her voice came, strangled and faint:

"I can't bear any more. Stop! Stop!" One more wild rush, and he obeyed. He was quivering all round when they came to a stand. Her hold round him grew looser; she was about to slip down. He turned round in his saddle and caught her about the waist with his arm. He drew her off the horse and forward to his side. He held her thus with his arm, exulting in the struggle of his muscles. He held her close against him and kissed her face. When he let her go and she reached earth, she sank on the ground and covered her face with both hands, all her body shaken with her gasps.

He heard a short, stifled sob. "You are not angry with me?" he said. "I was rough to you?"

"I angry? You rough? It has been more than I knew happiness could be. I had no idea joy could be like that, no idea life had anything like that."

"It's given us something to look back upon always," he said.

When Sibylla returned home Mumples told her the tragic story of her unfortunate husband—a man who had been sentenced to twenty years penal servitude for attempted murder. The dreary tale irritated Sibylla, who was still dreaming of her own romance.

Jeremy Chiddingfold called at Grantley Imason's house in London.

"By jove, you are snug here!" he exclaimed as he entered.

"I don't rough it unless I'm obliged," said Grantley smiling. "But I can rough it. I once lived for a week on sixpence a day. I had a row with my governor. He wanted me to give up—Well, never mind details. It's enough to observe, Jeremy, that he was quite right and I was quite wrong. I know that now, and I rather fancy I knew it then. However, his way of putting it offended me, and I flung myself out of the house with three-and-six in my pocket. Like the man in Scripture, I couldn't work and I wouldn't beg, and I wouldn't go back to the governor. So it was sixpence a day for a week and very airy lodgings. Then it was going to the recruiting-sergeant; but, as luck would have it, I met the dear old man on the way. I suppose I looked a scarecrow; anyhow, he was broken up about it, and killed the fatted calf—killed it for an unrepentant prodigal. And I could do that again, though I may live in a boudoir."

CHAPTER III. (continued).

JEREMY rubbed his hands slowly against one another—a movement common with him when he was thinking.

"I don't tell you that to illustrate my high moral character—as I say, I was all in the wrong—but just to show you that, given the motive—"

"What was the motive?"

"Just pride, obstinacy, conceit—anything you like of that kind," smiled Grantley. "I'd told the fellows about my row, and they'd said I should have to knuckle down. So I made up my mind I wouldn't."

"Because of what they'd say?"

"Don't be inquisitorial, Jeremy. The case is, I repeat, not given as an example of morality, but as an example of me—quite different things. However, I don't want to talk about myself to-night; I want to talk about you. What are you going to do with yourself?"

"Oh, I'm all right," declared Jeremy. "I've got my London B.A. (it didn't run to Cambridge, you know), and I'm pegging away." A touch of boyish pomposity crept in. "I haven't settled precisely what line of study I shall devote myself to, but I intend to take up and pursue some branch of original research."

Grantley's mind had been set on pleasing Sibylla by smoothing her brother's path. His business interest would enable him to procure a good opening for Jeremy—an opening which would lead to comfort, if not to wealth, in a short time, if proper advantage were taken of it.

"Original research?" He smiled indulgently. "There's not much money in that."

"Oh, I've got enough to live on! Sibylla's all right now, and I've got a hundred a year. And I do a popular scientific article now and then—I've had one or two accepted. Beastly rot they have to be, though!"

Grantley suggested the alternative plan. Jeremy would have none of it. He turned Grantley's story against him.

"If you could live on sixpence a day out of pride, I can live on what I've got for the sake of—of—"

vague ambitions. "Of knowledge—and—"

"Fame?" smiled Grantley. "If you like," Jeremy admitted with shy sulkiness.

"It'll take a long time. Oh, I know you're not a marrying man; but still, a hundred a year—"

"I can wait for what I want."

"Well, if you change your mind, let me know."

"You didn't let your father know."

Grantley laughed. "Oh, well, a week isn't ten years, nor even five," he reminded Jeremy.

"A man can wait for what he wants. Hang it! even a woman can do that! Look at Mumples!"

Grantley asked explanations, and drew out the story which Mrs. Mumples had told earlier in the evening. Grantley's fancy was caught by it, and he pressed Jeremy for a full and accurate rendering, obtaining a clear view of how Mrs. Mumples herself read the case.

"Quite a romantic picture! The lady and the lover, with the lady outside the castle and the lover inside—just for a change."

Jeremy had been moved by the story, but reluctantly and to his own shame. Now he hesitated whether to laugh or not, Nature urging one way, his pose (which he dignified with the title of Reason) suggesting another.

"A different view is possible to the worldly mind," Grantley went on in lazy amusement.

"Perhaps the visits bored him. Mumples—if I may presume to call her that—probably cried over him and 'carried on,' as they say. He felt a fool before the warder, depend upon it! And perhaps she didn't look her best in tears—they generally don't. Besides, we see what Mumples looks like now, and even ten years ago—Well, as each three months, or whatever the time may be, rolled round, less of the charm of youth would hang about her. We shouldn't suggest any of this to Mumples, but as philosophers and men of the world we're bound to contemplate it ourselves, Jeremy."

He drank some brandy and soda and lit a fresh cigar. Jeremy laughed applause. Here, doubtless, was the man of the world's view, the rational and unsentimental view to which he was vowed and committed. Deep in his heart a small voice whispered that it was a shame to turn the light of this disillusioned levity on poor old Mumples's mighty sorrow and trustful love.

"And when we're in love with them, they can't do anything wrong; and when we've stopped being in love, they can't do anything right," Grantley sighed, humorously. "Oh, yes, there's another interpretation of Mr. Mumples's remarkable conduct! You see, we know he's not by nature a patient man, or he wouldn't have committed the indiscretion that brought him where he is. Don't they have bars, or a grating, or something between them at these painful interviews? Possibly it was just as well for Mumples's sake, now and then!"

Despite the small voice, Jeremy laughed more. He braved its accusation of treachery to Mumples. He tried to feel quite easy in his mirth, to enjoy the droll turning upside down of the pathetic little story as pleasantly and coolly as Grantley there on his couch, with his cigar and his brandy and soda. For Grantley's reflective smile was entirely devoid of any self-questioning or of any sense of treachery to anybody or to anything with claims to reverence or loyalty. It was for Jeremy, however, the first time he had been asked to turn his theories on to one he loved and to try how his pose worked where a matter came near his heart. His mirth did not achieve spontaneity. But it was Grantley who said at last, with a yawn:—

"It's a shame to make fun out of the poor old soul; but the idea was irresistible, wasn't it, Jeremy?"

And Jeremy laughed again. Jeremy said good-night and went down the hill, leaving Grantley to read the letters which the evening post had brought him. There had been one from Tom Courtland. Grantley had opened and glanced at that before his guest went away. There were new troubles, it appeared. Lady Harriet had not given her husband a cordial or even a civil welcome; and the letter hinted that Courtland had

stood as much as he could bear, and that something, even though it were something desperate, must be done. "A man must find some peace and some pleasure in his life," was the sentence Grantley chose to read out as a sample of the letter; and he had added: "Poor old Tom! I'm afraid he's going to make a fool of himself."

Jeremy had asked no questions as to the probable nature of Courtland's folly (which was not perhaps hard to guess); but the thought of him mingled with the other recollections of the evening, with Mrs. Mumples's story and the turn they had given to it, with Grantley's anecdote about himself, and with the idea of him which Jeremy's acute, though raw mind set itself to grope after and to realise. The young man again felt that somehow his theories had begun to be no longer theories in a vacuum of merely speculative thought; they had begun to meet people and to run up against facts. The facts and the people no doubt fitted and justified the theories, but to see how that came about needed some consideration. So far he had got. He had not yet arrived at a modification of the theories, or even at an attitude of readiness to modify them, although that would have been an unimpeachable position from a scientific standpoint.

The sight of Sibylla standing at the gate of their little garden brought his thoughts back to her. He remembered that she had promised to sit up—an irrational proceeding, as her inability to give good ground for it had clearly proved; and it was nearly twelve—a very late hour for Mildean—so well had Grantley's talk beguiled the time. Sibylla herself seemed to feel the need of excuse, for as soon as she caught sight of her brother she cried out to him:

"I simply couldn't go to bed! I've had such a day, Jeremy, and my head's full of it. And on the top of it came what poor Mumples told us; and—and you can guess how that chimed in with what I must be thinking."

He had come up to her, and she put her hand in his.

"Dear old Jeremy, what friends we've been! We have loved one another, haven't we? Don't stop loving me. You don't say much, and you pretend to be rather scornful—just like a boy; and you try to make out that it's all rather a small and ordinary affair—"

"Isn't it?"

"Oh, I daresay! But to me? Dear, you know what it is to me! I don't want you to say much; I don't mind your pretending. But just now, in the dark, when we're all alone, when nobody can possibly hear—and I swear I won't tell a single soul—kiss me and tell me your heart's with me, because we've been true friends and comrades, haven't we?"

It was dark and nobody was there. Jeremy kissed her and mumbled some awkward words. They were enough.

"Now I'm quite happy. It was just that I wanted to hear it from you too."

Jeremy was glad, but he felt himself compromised. When they went in, his first concern was to banish emotion and relieve the tension. Mrs. Mumples's workbook gave a direction to his impulse. If a young man be inclined, as some are, to assume a cynical and worldly attitude, he will do it most before women, and of all women, most before those who know him best and have known him from his tender age, since to them above all it is most important to mark the change which has occurred. So Jeremy not only allowed himself to forget that small voice, and, turning back to Mrs. Mumples's story, once more to expose it to an interpretation of the worldly and cynical order, but he went even further. The view which Grantley had suggested to him, which had never crossed his mind till it was put before him by another, the disillusioned view, he represented now not as Grantley's, but as his own. He threw it out as an idea which naturally presented itself to a man of the world, giving the impression that it had been in his mind all along, even while Mrs. Mumples was speaking. And now he asked Sibylla, not perhaps altogether to believe in it, but to think it possible, almost probable, and certainly very diverting.

Sibylla heard him through in silence, her eyes fixed on him in a regard, grave at first, becoming, as he went on almost frightened.

To be continued.



A military-looking cloth cap for morning wear, bound with Astrakhan and embellished with the new cockade.

BEAUTIFUL BALL TOILETTES.

THE PICTURESCUE PREVAILS IN DANCE DRESSES.

DANCE dresses are naturally agitating for the moment, for the round of hunt and county balls is already in full swing, to say nothing of individual functions of a like terpsichorean quality. That dancing, according to the faculty, is on the wane has nothing whatever to do with the case. Tradition in such matters is even stronger than fashion, and tradition declares the hour to be good for this particular form of entertainment, notwithstanding that the sole original addition to the poetry of motion is the cake walk. Alas! that my particular province does not permit a tirade against this deplorable innovation. I would so gladly write it, whereas fate ironically grants me only the doubtful privilege of describing pretty frocks for its performance. We have already applauded taffeta in this connection, possibly to the wonderment of those who have failed to immediately observe its presence, remarking rather the greater popularity of Liberty satin and crêpe de Chine.

Dresses for Debutantes.

Lovely little Liberty satin frocks in white and very delicate colours are being worn by quite young girls, arranged with plain skirts, full into the waist all round, and simple belted bodices drooping over high pointed belts of gold or silver galon, ornamented with fancy jewelled buttons or ornaments; the décolletage worn well off the shoulders and completed by a deep round berthe of lace or ruched chiffon. Feeling runs very high in favour of the picturesque, as revealed in Louis XV. and XVI. effects, the former standing responsible for the revival of the long pointed bodice, and the latter for the charming swathed affair that finishes abruptly at the waist line.

A delicate maize—or écar, as is the new name for the nuance—Liberty satin, boasting one of these pretty swathed bodices carried a series of velvet rosettes in palest green mirror velvet, placed at intervals down the left-hand side from the décolletage to the hem of the skirt. Large loose lace sleeves, slit completely up the back from top to edge, and the disintegrated portions held together by diagonally disposed straps of velvet, putting the finishing touch to an exceptionally distingué frock.

Seductive Lace Sleeves.

Those wishful of renovating a black dress should seriously consider the value of extra-

An Evening Elegance of plisse soie de Chine seen at Swan and Edgar's.

vagant cream lace sleeves. Sometimes these finish at the elbow, and are composed of frill upon frill of lace mounted on a bouffant of net. Or it is now quite permissible that the hand be reached by a series of graduated bouffants, the lowest one so manoeuvred that the wrist is affectionately clasped. Privileged to complete a simple black velvet gown, or perhaps one in the still later approved royal blue, these lace sleeves prove themselves a conspicuous success, lending that air of quiet distinction which is ever accounted the essence of good dressing.

Real Bargains.

In relation to renovations, I was delighted to discover at Messrs. Swan and Edgar's, Regent-street, some exceedingly attractive little plain and fancy spot cream net slips, generously decked with satin ribbon, set on

The Dancing Season.

By Mrs. JACK MAY.

in clusters of plain lines: models in every way desirable, and just the very thing for varying the monotony of an old silk or satin skirt, priced at only 16s. 11d. and 18s. 9d., the latter sum securing the spot net quality. Nor are these by any means the only bargains in the evening galère here. A wonderful three-guinea gown in plissé soie de Chine, the very model pictured here, by the way, is well worthy to be considered by the woman of average means. It is quite an amazing production at the price, and can be had in a variety of delicate colours, in addition to black and white, ready, as revealed by the sketch, to be donned at any moment.

A Charming Model.

And equally worthy is a model at five and a half guineas, mounted on soft silk. This is in crêpe de Chine, arranged most originally

No. 11.—A PRETTY DINNER COAT.

The elaborate in both tea-gowns and tea-coats is becoming almost a trite story. But not so, by any means, the practical little jacket, that is easily made, and as easily slipped on and off. The comfort of such a possession to the busy woman no words can describe. Circumstances will influence the choice of material, which choice preferably falls upon a soft Liberty satin, and in this, inclusive of the fichu, the coat can be carried throughout. A narrow ribbon ruching is the suggested decoration, while the full undersleeves would be of Liberty gauze or chiffon, either white or harmonising with the satin. Some perhaps may prefer to carry the fichu out in the softer fabric, outlining the edge with a frill of soft tinted lace, which could be repeated as a finish to the ends. Quantity



FOIBLES FROM PARIS.

AMAZING VARIETIES IN VEILS.

Paris, Nov. 28, 1903.

WHITE sealskin, there being a dearth of sufficient ermine, is becoming very conspicuous at elegant gathering places. It is, of course, not seal at all, but simply clipped rabbit skin; but what can one do when white furs are fashionable and ermines are difficult to obtain, even at extortionate prices? The white seal does not shed at all, is rich in texture and of a matte white that is effective in shawl-shape with gold or silver trimmings and bands of dark fur, such as moleskin or blue fox.

Grundwaldt's splendid ermine shawl that almost covers the costume is prettily copied in white seal peppered in a wide border at the edge with tiny dots of black seal, while a fringe of diminutive ermine tails falls over a mass of white chiffon puffs upon the hem. About the shoulders the simple and enchanting lines of the shawl should be left plain; nothing can add to their grace.

Modish Manoeuvring of a Stole.

It is considered chic to wear the stole of supple fur in a loose twist about each forearm, this giving a broad cuff effect. The loop is held in place by the gestures of the hands, one of which grasps the skirt, the other holding the umbrella and the large reticule of bead work in a tapestry design, this wrapping of fur taking the place of a muff. Charming as is the long, straight line of stole when it falls simply down the gown front, even more coquettish is this forearm drapery. No ordinary stole can be adjusted in such manner, as it must be almost four yards in length; so long, indeed, that only the most graceful of women can manage it with the necessary airiness and ease. When she sits, she slips her arms out from its folds, and the fur falls across her lap and lies upon the floor.

The Supremacy of the Veil.

The most conspicuous article in the toilette of the fashionable woman this winter is her veil. Its manner of arrangement, its material, and its size are almost matters of individual choice, so infinite is the variety. Here is a mondaine dressed in peach-coloured chiffon velvet, whose veil is a large cage of fine pink tulle bordered around the hem and up the back with black velvet spots of various sizes, this border just touching her shoulders. Another woman wears a very full lace flounce thrown back in front. Still another has a large oblong veil of lace shirred around one half of the crown of her hat on the right side, drawn over the top of the crown, and hanging down upon the left shoulder. A narrow scarf of lace is draped about the front of a toque, its ends hanging down each side of the back, and separated by a large "granny" comb of jets.

The chiffon veil is more picturesque than any because of its rich colour. When it is worn falling full and straight over the face its ends are long enough to reach to the waistline. At tea at Rumpelmeyer's yesterday, the Vicomtesse de Janzé, recently out of mourning and more beautiful of mien than ever, was wearing a toque of chinchilla fur, about which was tied a veil of dark green chiffon, its arrangement giving no chance for drawing it over the face. The line of green covered the border of the toque and made a fine contrast to the glossy waves of her dark hair. At the back the veil was knotted tightly, and its ends then fell to the seat of her chair, forming an effective mass upon her chinchilla fichu wrap.

A lingère has recently brought out some little short petticoats for the cold weather, which do not increase perceptibly the size of the hips. They are made of the most supple kid in delicate colours or white, fitted carefully and finished prettily at the knee with a plissé of satin ribbon the same colour as the kid.



No. 11.—A dainty and practical dinner jacket

in bouillonnées, alternating with inset lines of white Valenciennes lace bordered at either edge by a tiny edging of the same lace, a scheme that is continued throughout the bébé corsage, which displays, in response to the latest dictate, the finish of a tucker and angel sleeves. One is justifiably led to speculating how, in the name of all that is mercantile, it is possible to ally such modishness and moderation of price. But the fact remains that the deed is done, and done well, moreover, at Swan and Edgar's.

The plissé skirt is quite prepared to continue a career of modish usefulness, and it says much for the subtlety of the vogue, that despite its great popularity, the eye is never wearied by its presence. A black plissé soie de Chine skirt is rendered immediately novel by being mounted on a yoke of ribbon treillage.

of single width material, inclusive of fichu, six yards; ruching, six yards; mousseline for sleeves, one and a half yard.

Flat pattern, 6½d.; tacked up, including flat, 1s. 6½d.

"DAILY MIRROR" PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT.

Any numbered designs on this page can be obtained at the Paper Pattern Department, "Daily Mirror" Offices, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C. All applications to include the number and the price of the pattern or patterns. The patterns will be cut, in the case of adults, in the medium size only. When the patterns are for children, the age of the child will always be stated. All amounts of 6d. or over, should be sent by means of postal order. Foreign Stamps cannot be accepted in payment for patterns. In every case ordered patterns are dispatched at the earliest possible moment.

No "Catch" Questions. £150 for Bridge-Players.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST BERGHOLT.

To-day we re-print the NINTH COUPON.

Those who have not yet entered for the Tournament should procure copies of the *Daily Mirror* for Nov. 20, 24, 26, 28, and Dec. 1 (which contain the eight previous coupons), and send in all the nine together, carefully observing the rules which appeared in yesterday's *Mirror*, and will appear again to-morrow. Those who have already sent in Coupons 1 to 8 have now to forward the coupon on this page.

♥ £150 TO BE GIVEN AWAY. ♥

Everybody who can play a game of Bridge can enter for the Tournament. The entrance fee is a mere trifle, and the prospective gain is very large. If you sit down to play a friendly rubber you may hold such bad cards that you necessarily lose, despite all your endeavours. But in the play of our coupons it does not matter whether you win or lose points; if the hand is played simply, straightforwardly, and well, you will win a prize.

♦ THE CASH PRIZES. ♦

The proprietors of the *Daily Mirror* offer, as a free gift, the sum of

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS.

One hundred pounds of this and the whole of the entrance fees received from the competitors will be divided among those who send in the best set or sets of replies to the complete series of coupons. If two or more competitors tie, the money will be divided equally among them. The remaining

♦ FIFTY POUNDS ♦

will be distributed in consolation prizes among the unsuccessful competitors. Beginners need not be afraid to enter. Many experts will fail through hunting for difficulties which do not exist.

BRIDGE DAY BY DAY.

♦ WE WANT NO DUPLICATE COUPONS. ♦

"Platibus" quotes our rule, that "the reprint of a coupon need be taken no notice of by a competitor who has already sent in his or her reply to that coupon," and goes on to ask if we will "explain how this affects a competitor who elects to send his replies in batches."

Obviously, whether the replies be forwarded singly or in batches, only one coupon bearing any given number is to be sent.

♥ AND A VERY GOOD WAY, TOO! ♥

"As some of the contestants seem to be so puzzled as to the best way of playing the hands, I venture to think," writes "Mollie," "that our own way may be of help to them. I get one member of the family to sort out the cards face downwards. Then three others (not having seen the cards) sit down to play them like an ordinary deal, another member

of the family writing down each card as it falls."

This is simplicity itself, and takes very little longer time than playing an ordinary deal at Bridge. Yet we have met people who say they have "no time to go in for the Tournament!"

♦ OUGHT HE TO DOUBLE? ♦

We heard a short time ago of a curious hand occurring on November 14 at the Bedford Park Club. The dealer declared No-trumps at love all. Our informant was third

player, and had the following cards:—♥ A, 3; ♦ K, Q, 10, 8, 7, 4, 2; ♠ J, 6, 3; ♣ 3. He asked whether he ought to have doubled. We said the danger was that the dealer held ♠ A, J, 10, and that, personally, we should not double, though many sporting players would. We should double holding ♦ J instead of ♦ 10. This may seem a fine distinction, but one must draw the line somewhere.

♦ THE CATASTROPHE. ♦

The result, of course, proves nothing; but, after we had given our opinion, we asked, out of curiosity, what actually happened. Our friend said that he did double, that the dealer's partner re-doubled, holding ♠ A, K, Q, 7, 6, 4, 3; and that the dealer won Grand Slam—400 points in all! As a matter of fact, the leader had two equally short suits: clubs and diamonds—and led the latter; but had he led clubs, the result would have been the same. The details of the play we not given, but we presume the Slam consisted of seven tricks in diamonds, five in spades, and the ace of clubs.

♦ PLAY THE SAFE GAME. ♦

"Emma" asks: "What should Dummy declare, at 24 to love, holding ♥ A, J, 8; ♦ 8, 7; ♠ K, Q, J, 10; ♣ A, Q, 7, 6?"

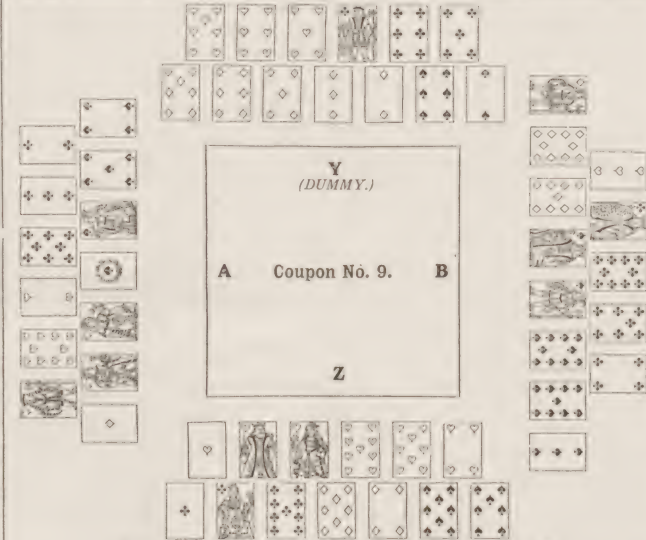
The answer is diamonds. The odd trick only is wanted; and, under any circumstances, a certain honour score of 48 is not to be lightly disregarded.

♥ AVOID PROLIXITY. ♥

"Templar" considers it inadvisable to allow solvers to give "reasons" for their play—as by our rules they are permitted to do. We do not think that a competitor should be debarred from sending in any concise comments that he may deem necessary. But these should always be brief and to the point.

♦ A NEW BRIDGE BOOK. ♦

Mr. J. B. Elwell, of New York, is at work upon a new book, which will treat the game of Bridge from a vastly interesting standpoint. It will contain a collection of illustrated deals, exemplifying all the fundamental features of Bridge strategy. No amount of explanation or theorising will make a point of play so clear to the learner as the actual record of a game won by the application at the right moment of an appropriate principle. As a practical teacher, Mr. Elwell is pre-eminent, and we look forward to his new work with lively interest.



Score: Love all. Z deals and declares Hearts. A leads ♦ K.

Write out in some convenient form what you consider to be the correct play of the above deal. The cards are not to be played as if they were all known, but just as they would fall in an ordinary game. Dummy's (Y's) hand being the only one laid face upwards on the table. The object is not to make YZ win extra tricks—to which they are not fairly entitled—through the mistakes of A and B; but to record the play and the result, on the understanding that each player is to do his best, so far as he knows the cards.

State legibly at the head of your reply the total number of tricks won by Y and Z.

Name Nom de Guerre
or
Address Initials.....

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Of the "Grand Opera" Records, the following are now published (sung in Italian):—
SOPRANO SOLO by Madame SUZANNE ADAMS.

(Piano accompaniment.)

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1207 Selections "Don Juan" - - - - - Mozart.

BASS SOLOS by EDOUARD DE RESZKE.
(Piano accompaniment.)

1221 Infelice "Ernani" - - - - - Verdi.
1222 Canzone del Porter "Martha" - - - - - Von Flotow.
1223 Serenade "Don Juan" - - - - - Tchaikowsky.

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(Piano accompaniment.)

1224 Cavatina "Faust" - - - - - Gounod.
1225 Serenade - - - - - Sepilli.
1226 Aria "Il Barbiere de Seville" - - - - - Rossini.
1227 Toreador Song "Carmen" - - - - - Bizet.



EVENING DRESS FOR MEN.

THE QUESTION OF THE DINNER JACKET.

SUDDEN changes do not, of course, absolutely upset the man's wardrobe as Dame Fashion does the woman's. A top hat is never suddenly squashed flat, neither is a frock coat puffed out with a dress improver, nor are trousers gauged at the waist or piped at the seams.

Concerning Coats and Waistcoats.

As a matter of fact, however, I have a few new points to chronicle concerning evening dress at the present time. The revers of the coat are still faced with silk, but satin is never seen. Waistcoats are cut a trifle more open, and the points are slightly longer than they were before. This in some cases gives height to a man's figure, but it is dangerous to exaggerate the points for the fashion will soon become outré.

White waistcoats are worn now on nearly every occasion, and black are generally kept for quiet evenings at home when a dinner jacket is allowed. I remember reading some time ago a heated discussion on the right and wrong use of the dinner jacket. There are really no two sides to the question at all.

The King and Dinner Jackets.

The dinner jacket is essentially a garment for use at home or at such places as Monte Carlo, Homburg, and other Continental resorts, where a black satin tie may appear in the company of it. Neither the dinner jacket nor the black satin tie was ever intended for the theatre or for dining in public, and the King has more than once expressed himself strongly on the subject. I need hardly say that black ties should never be worn with a dress coat, not even by men who are in the deepest mourning. One might just as well push a red silk handkerchief into the waistcoat and wear jemima patent leather boots.

With regard to shirts for evening wear a man may, of course, please himself. Some men prefer the perfectly plain linen one with one, two, or three studs. Perhaps two are at the present time more used than one or three. Fancy linen shirts are very popular, but great care should be taken not to wear extravagant patterns. The best shirt makers show innumerable quiet designs, in stripes, tiny spots, or little bouquets of flowers, but there is to be said against them all, that if a shirt front be too much covered by a pattern the effect is not always good, for it has a tendency to bring out a yellowish tint in the linen, which, of course, is not at all desirable.

Collars and Cuffs.

Occasionally one sees the all-round turned-over collar worn with evening dress, but this pattern cannot be recommended, as the collar in question is essentially meant for country wear or as the accompaniment of lounge suits. All-round upright collars slightly set over at the points always look well, and so do those that have the ends folded flat down, as long as the points are not too exaggerated.

The fashion that came in some fifteen years ago of wearing a turned-back cuff is increasing in vogue and is really not so extravagant as some men might imagine, for it is far more comfortable than the sharp edge of the ordinary cuff. But let the laundress receive very definite instructions as to how she should wash this cuff, and let her see that the double buttonholes are folded exactly even, otherwise there will be great difficulty in putting the links through, and a bulging, awkward edge will be the result, which will look extremely bad.

Handkerchiefs and Evening Ties.

Need I say that a made-up evening bow is an atrocity that should never be perpetrated? Nothing looks better than a well-tied soft piqué bow, with ordinary-sized ends. As for the butterfly bow in the form in which it was worn some years ago, it is now a thing of the past, for such exaggerations seldom live long. A too-frequently neglected item of masculine

evening attire is the handkerchief. Now, nothing looks worse than a white handkerchief with a coloured border, or a white silk handkerchief. An evening handkerchief should be of the finest French cambric, either hemstitched or with a little pattern woven in it. Some that I have recently seen with crossed lines upon them are effective, and others with little sprigs of flowers also look well and are not in the least effeminate.

Footgear, Hosiery, and Gloves.

Pumps are disappearing from the well-dressed man's shoe cupboard, and in their place one sees Oxford shoes, as they are called, either of plain patent leather or brogued with toe-caps to match. These are very smart and look remarkably well. The ordinary plain evening shoe has a tendency to give the foot a flat appearance, a detriment with which a toe-cap does away. Patent leather buttoned boots with a fine silk stockinet "upper" are occasionally worn instead of these shoes for theatre wear, and look well.

It is understood, of course, that coloured silk socks are diametrically opposed to all the rules of good form for evening dress, though fine black silk ones woven over a white or coloured foundation may frequently be seen replacing the old-fashioned clock socks. White gloves are correct wear now for the evening; lavender and any kindred forms of grey being relegated to the daytime. At the opera gloves are generally worn by men, and the fashion of wearing them at the theatre is also much observed nowadays.

The Unostentatious Fur Coat.

Against the wearing of light-coloured overcoats with evening dress a crusade should be started. Nothing looks so bad. Of course, there is not a word to say against the very dark blue or iron grey overcoats that form part and parcel of every man's wardrobe, but for warm nights a black Inverness coat lined with satin is the handiest light coat, while for those who can afford it there is nothing to equal a fur coat for the winter, though with regard to the latter garment the best dressed men are now content to have their coats lined with fur only, and are not using it on the collars and cuffs.

A silk hat is worn by many men at night, but there is no doubt that for all practicable purposes the ordinary opera hat of dull corded silk is much preferable, as it is so easily stowed away, and there is no silk nap to spoil. Coloured mufflers, it may be as well to mention, are now quite out of place for evening wear; indeed, nothing but plain white silk or fine white cashmere should be tolerated.

SIMPLE DISHES.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from the West End shops.

No. 96.—VEAL COLLOPS.

INGREDIENTS.—Cold veal about one pound, salt, cayenne, nutmeg, and mace to taste, one and a half teaspoonsful of lemon juice, two ounces of butter, half a teaspoonful of anchovy essence, one teaspoonful of mushroom ketchup, two tablespoonfuls of cream, slices of lemon, little rolls of bacon.

Remove all skin and gristle from the veal and cut it into neat slices, dust these over with salt, cayenne, nutmeg, and mace, and half a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Melt the butter in a saucepan, put in the slices of veal and fry them slightly. Then keep them hot while you make the gravy.

To the butter in the pan add the anchovy essence, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, and the ketchup. Boil these well, then add the cream.

Put the collops on a hot dish, pour over them the sauce, and garnish the dish with the cut lemon and toasted rolls of bacon.

Cost 1s. 4d. for six portions.

No. 97.—PILOAF OF CHICKEN.

INGREDIENTS.—One chicken, two ounces of rice, half a pint of tomato sauce.

Cut the chicken into neat joints. Lay them in a stewpan with enough water or stock to half cover the pieces. Put on the lid and let the contents of the pan come to the boil. Skin the stock, then add the rice and a little salt to it. Let all simmer slowly about three-quarters of an hour or till the chicken is tender. Then pile the joints of chicken and the rice in a hot dish. Season the broth nicely with salt and pepper, pour a little of it round the dish, then over all pour the hot tomato sauce.

Cost 3s. to 4s. for about six portions.

No. 98.—POTAGE A LA BONNE FEMME.

INGREDIENTS.—One lettuce, three leaves of sorrel, three or four sprigs each of tarragon and chervil, one ounce of cucumber, one ounce of butter, one and a half pints of good stock, three eggs, one gill of cream or milk, salt, pepper, and a little castor sugar.

Wash, dry, and finely shred the lettuce, sorrel, tarragon, and chervil. Peel and shred the cucumber. Melt the butter in a bright pan and put in all the above ingredients, stir them about in the butter over the fire for about ten minutes, without letting them

get in the least brown. Then add the stock, and let all simmer very gently till the vegetables are tender. Beat up the yolks of the eggs and add to them the cream or milk. Take the saucepan off the fire, let the contents cool a little, then strain into them the "liaison" of egg and cream. Place the pan over the gentle heat and stir till the eggs thicken, but on no account let the soup boil or it will curdle. Season nicely with salt, pepper, and sugar.

Cost 1s. 6d. for four portions.

No. 99.—CROUTONS OF CAVIARE.

INGREDIENTS.—Rounds of bread, a little butter, two ounces of caviare, half a teaspoonful of chopped shallot, half a teaspoonful of lemon juice.

Stamp out some neat rounds of bread. Fry them a nice brown in the butter, and let them get cold. Work together the caviare, lemon juice and cayenne with a wooden spoon. Lay a little heap of the mixture on each round of bread. Put a little fresh butter in a forcing bag and force it out prettily round the edge of the caviare.

Serve on a lace paper.

Cost 1s. 10d. for twelve portions.

THE DAILY TIME-SAVER

THE DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 28.—SELLE DE CHEVREUIL A L'EDOUARD TAUNEZ.

By M. ANTOINE MOISY, Chef Kensington Palace Mansions Restaurant.

Take a well-hung selle de chevreuil and cook in a brisk oven. Remove it while still a little underdone and let it get cold.

Take both fillets out, cut them in small slices, coat each slice with a good purée de foie gras well seasoned, and replace them in their own position in the saddle.

Cover the whole saddle with a well-seasoned farce de gibier, then lard with some long pieces of square-shaped truffles in the same way as when larding with bacon, and cook for another half-hour in a medium oven.

Put a buttered paper on the top to prevent it getting dry.

Serve the saddle very hot, with a Madeira sauce and a garniture of a ragout de truffes, champignons et crêtes de coq.

Memoranda for Housekeepers.

The daily time-saver for housekeepers is intended to assist in the morning task of ordering the supplies for the day. Careful study of it will show that it has been so designed as to meet the requirements of those directing establishments conducted on a moderate scale of expense, as well as those on a grand scale.

The choice of dishes will be changed every day and menus of any length can be easily drawn up from it. They will be specially devised to suit the needs of large and small families.

The lists were corrected at the various London markets on Wednesday evening.

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

BREAKFAST.

* Veal Collops. Poached Eggs. Grilled Mackerel. Galantine of Pork. Potted Game.

LUNCH.

Mulligatawny Soup. Cod Steaks with Oyster Sauce. * Pilaff of Chicken. Marrow-bones on Toast. Poached Eggs with Spaghetti. Rump Steak à la Bearnaise. Tomato Pie. Canary Pudding. Cheese Fritters.

COLD DISHES.

Scotch Sheep's Head Pie. Veal and Ham. Salad of Cooked Vegetables. Jellied Mutton Cake.

TEA.

Yorkshire Tea-cakes. Savoury Egg Sandwiches. Swiss Roll. Coccato Buns. Walnut Cake.

DINNER.

Purée of Chestnuts. * Potage à la Bonne Femme.

Fish.

Whiting Soufflé. Lobster Cutlets.

Entrée.

Croquettes à la Victoria. Fillets of Beef à la Mirabeau.

Game.

Roast Wild Duck. Salmis of Grouse.

Roasts.

Ribs of Beef. Cushion of Veal larded.

Vegetables.

Fried Salsify. Crumbed Potatoes.

Sweets.

Pineapple Sponge. Mouseline Pudding.

Savouries.

* Croûtons of Caviare. Parmesan Straws.

Ice.

Strawberry Cream.

Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.

Madame DOWDING

THE DOWDINIAN.
(Regd.)

LA BELLE.



This Pretty Corset Made to Order in all Materials from 21s. to 6 Guineas. Silk Shirts to Match, from 30s. THE STRAIGHT-FRONTED, in White Coutille with Real Whalebone, 21s. GENTLEMEN'S BELTS and CORSETS a Specialty. (All communications in Belt Department strictly confidential.) Madame DOWDING, Corsetiere, 8 & 10, Charing Cross Road. (Opposite the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square.)

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DAINTY ART LAWN STOCKS, EMBROIDERED, 1/9 each, in White and Pale Colours. A large Collection of Strips, Stoles, Collars, etc., prepared for own working.

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LEAST expensive but yet most practical of all the Christmas gifts. Easy to use, simple, cleanly, and more durable than brooms. Ironmongers, Stores and Furnishers are... now showing their Christmas stock at 9/9, 10/6, 13/3, 14/9 & 17/3 FOR CASH.

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MILK CHOCOLATE

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Sold by all Confectioners in 1d., 3d., and 6d. tablets, and in 6d. boxes and croquettes.

If you want the best, ask for Cailler's!

Read the Small Advertisements on this and the next two pages. You may find what you want.

Advertisements of

DOMESTIC SERVANTS REQUIRING SITUATIONS, EMPLOYERS REQUIRING DOMESTIC SERVANTS, ARTICLES FOR SALE AND WANTED, APARTMENTS FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED, HOUSES AND FLATS TO LET AND WANTED, MISCELLANEOUS and PRIVATE ANNOUNCEMENTS, are received at the Offices of the "Daily Mirror," 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., between the hours of 10 and 7, for insertion in the issue of the following day, at the rate of 12 words 1/6, 1/4d. each word afterwards. Advertisements can be left at the Offices, or they can be sent by post, when they must be accompanied by Postal Orders (stamps will not be accepted) crossed **BARCLAY & CO.**

"Daily Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Mirror" Offices, a Box Department having been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, sufficient stamps to cover postage must be sent with the advertisement.

The Domestic Bureau which the "Daily Mirror" has opened at 45 and 46, New Bond Street, for the benefit of mistress and maid, has undertaken the task of verifying references; but, while every care is taken, obviously no absolute guarantee can be given. Advertisers in the "Daily Mirror" are entitled to use the "Daily Mirror" Bureau, which is open from 10 to 5, without any charge.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Lady's Maids.

A Lady's Maid or Maid Companion; age 27; good needlework and milliner; experienced traveller and packer; £25; good-tempered and cheerful.—H. T. S., Empress-mansions, Clapham, S.W.

LADY'S MAID, age 39; £30-£35; good needlewoman and packer.—Write T. 36, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

LADY'S MAID; good packer and needlewoman; £25.—Write T. 65, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

LADY'S MAID wants place; age 25; £30; personal reference; good hairdresser; dressmaker; travelling.—Write 414, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MAID-ATTENDANT; town or country; age 31; nine years reference.—A. 54, Manchester-street, W. 2523

MAID (thorough); £30; good hairdresser, packer, traveller; personal character.—Write 417, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2522

TRAVELLING Maid; experienced linguist; good cook;—Write T. 5, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2522

USEFUL Maid to elderly lady; good needlewoman, dressmaker.—43, Vicarage-road, Leyton, Essex. 3448

Governesses.

GOVERNESS (French); age 20; £25-30; school or private.—Write T. 61, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2523

GOVERNESS, North German; good music and French.—Write T. 45, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

GOVERNESS, Swiss, disengaged; well educated; good references.—Write T. 36, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

GOVERNESS, thorough English, French, Latin, and music.—Write T. 55, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

NURSERY GOVERNESS (superior) seeks re-employment; English, French, Music, Drawing, Needlework; entire charge of 4-50.—N. G. Mrs. Ellis, 20, Welbeck-street, W. 3454

NURSERY GOVERNESS (lady recommended); capable of teaching children of 10.—Miss Payne, Broadway, Hayward's Heath. 3454

NURSERY GOVERNESS; thoroughly experienced.—Write T. 63, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

Nurses.

CAPTAIN NOEL CONY, Grenadier Guards, 12, Eaton-terrace, wishes to strongly recommend his children's nurse to take charge of one or two young children or baby from month; she is an exceptionally good nurse; requires no salary.—Write T. 43, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

HEAD-NURSE disengaged; £45; good references.—Write T. 72, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

LADY (Danish); disengaged Dec. 8; seeks situation as Lady Nurse to lady or child in London; good references; £35.—Write 352, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2100

LADY highly recommends her Maternity Nurse (Queen Charlotte's); most kind and considerate in the house.—Mrs. Mitchell, 6, Colville-gardens, Bayswater. 2277

LADY Nurse; age 38; £40-50; no uniform; disengaged.—Write T. 52, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2277

NURSE.—Situation wanted by a respectable girl of 20.—L. N., Ivy Cottage, Hampton, Devon. 3463

UNDER NURSE, disengaged; age 18; £15; good references.—Write T. 66, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2523

WANTED, Situation, to take charge of a little girl and sewing.—Flora Hayes, Gyn-burgh, Ashby-road, Loughborough. 3552

Chambermaids.

CHAMBERMAID; disengaged; age 20; good references; £15-£18.—Write M. 5, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2522

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID; £18; age 30; good references.—Write T. 629, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2522

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID; age 25; good references; £18-£20.—Write T. 628, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2522

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID; age 29; £18; good references.—Write T. 627, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2522

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID; age 27; £16-18; good references.—Write T. 626, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2522

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID; £16-18; age 25; good references.—Write T. 625, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2522

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID; age 28; good references; £16-18.—Write T. 624, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2522

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID; disengaged; age 23; £18-20; good references.—Write T. 623, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2522

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID; age 27; £16-18; good references.—Write T. 622, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2522

HOUSE-CHAMBERMAID; disengaged; £16-18; age 25; good references.—Write T. 607, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2522

Housemaids.

HOUSEMAID (head) or Housekeeper to gentleman; £20; town.—Write H. 5, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2522

SITUATION as housemaid; second of three; wages £18 to £20, all found; R.C.—Apply to A. A. School Cottage, West Lathwist, Wareham, Dorset. 3471

USEFUL HELP (lady); plain cooking; £18-£20.—Write T. 73, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2522

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Menservants.

A Indoor Servant in country; middle age; disengaged.—B. Lyngsted, Kent. 3463

BUTLER requires situation; age 32; £60; height 6 feet; understands hunting, shooting, and fishing.—Write M. 2, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 4305

BUTLER requires situation; English; disengaged 12th; experienced; aged 30.—Boscombe Towers, Bournemouth. 3477

BUTLER requires situation for three months; age 35; 50s. per week; good value; used to travelling.—Write M. 3, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 4305

BUTLER; with assistance; single; age 44; good character.—L. G., 30, Isled-road, S.W. 3446

BUTLER-VALET, 19 years' service.—Write M. 6, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3429

FOOTMAN (first); disengaged; age 26; £38.—Write M. 1, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3429

Chefs.

CHEF; age 40; £2 weekly; good references.—Write T. 612, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3429

CHEF (experienced); age 34; excellent references; 50s. weekly; disengaged.—Write T. 602, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3429

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Cooks.

COOK (good) seeks situation; age 30; £46.—L. C. 15, Cambridge-place, Paddington. 3427

COOK (plain); age 30; £24-£26; good references; business house.—Write T. 618, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3427

COOK, with kitchenmaid; £7; £40-£45.—Q. 204, Shirlan-road, Paddington, 3449

COOK-GENERAL (good); wait table evenings; well recommended.—Upper part, 35, Colville-gardens, W. 3577

Stillroom Maid.

STILLROOM-MAID; age 24; £20-£22; good references.—Write T. 611, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3427

Housekeepers.

COMPANION-HOUSEKEEPER desires engagement; linguist; traveller; accustomed to country sports; good appearance.—Write 413, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3479

COMPANION-HOUSEKEEPER; disengaged; salary £25-£30.—Write S. 64, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3445

COOK-HOUSEKEEPER; Scotch; 35; £60; town or country; 10 years' experience as cook-housekeeper.—Write K. 100, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3495

HOUSEKEEPER (experienced); gentleman's family; country; good references.—G. L., The Cottage, Ludwell, Salisbury. 3465

SITUATIONS WANTED.

HOUSEKEEPER (working); disengaged; age 39; £15-£20.—Write T. 74, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3427

WIDOW, with excellent references, seeks situation as housekeeper.—Write T. 49, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3427

Companions.

COMPANION-HOUSEKEEPER, desires situation; £24; plain cooking.—Write T. 64, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3427

COMPANION, lady; willing take charge of large household; good salary.—Write 416, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3427

COMPANION.—A young lady, bright domesticated, desires engagement; willing to travel.—Apply M. 19, Ross-villas, Richmond, Surrey. 3497

COMPANION.—Lady wishes situation; would travel.—Write L. 1, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3452

WANTED, residential post, at home or abroad, by young gentleman in any capacity; fluent French and German, acquired abroad; good needlewoman, cyclist, good reader; salary £30.—G. R., 36, Trebovir-road, London, E. 3445

WANTED, by lady, 40, after Christmas, re-employment as companion or housekeeper; good references; £25-£30.—Write S. 54, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3443

Parlourmaids.

DAILY Work as Parlour or Housemaid; must be steady.—Write T. 43, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3427

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID; age 22; £40; disengaged December 31.—Write T. 44, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3427

"Daily Mirror" Small Advertisements continued on next page.

Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

BY CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "BY RIGHT OF MARRIAGE.")

CHAPTER XXVII.

Continued.

"My husband is coming back next month, they say. One can never be quite certain," said Martia.

"With the band playing 'See the Conquering Hero Comes!'" The Colonel's voice was not sincere; he eyed her with cynical amusement.

"What makes you so unkind?" she asked; and then, with quick contrition: "Oh, forgive me; whatever you choose to say, it is my place to listen and not to resent." It was through me that you were not there.

"Nonsense!" he said sternly. "I've had a splendid time. I'm going to Venice next month."

"You have a palace there, have you not?"

"Yes, a tumbledown old place. I wish you and your husband would come to stay with me. Have you ever been to Venice?"

"Yes."

Something in the tone of her voice made him look at her. "On your honeymoon?" he asked, with a strange and sudden bitterness.

"Yes," she answered, with a little smile. She could not keep her memories out of it, and the man turned his head away.

"After all," he said, frowning, "I don't suppose you would care to come; Captain Chesney will want a more lively place."

She said nothing. His next words made her start.

"When did the change in you take place?" he asked abruptly.

"The change?" Her voice was tremulous. "Yes. Forgive my being frank; it is better to hide nothing one from the other. The last time I saw you, you were—"

"A madwoman," she put in. "Yes, I have changed; you told me I should! When I met you the other day, you seemed tremendously astonished—I might almost say disappointed. That was how it struck me."

The Colonel looked at her with his whimsical little smile.

"I once knew a man," he said, "who was false to his wife. In the greatness and sublimity of her love she forgave him. From

that moment she sank in his estimation, and he has never felt the same towards her since."

Martia flushed hotly, but her voice was cold. "What has that got to do with the case?" she asked.

"Nothing at all. I only want to show you how unreasonable men are."

Martia took up a hot brioche, and began to crumble it in her fingers.

"You mean to imply," she said in a low voice, "that you wished me to forget—that night; but that when you saw me, after six months, and found me very much changed—"

"apparently, you were astonished and even—disappointed?"

"Something of the sort," assented Paul Joscelyn.

"It does seem a little unreasonable," she said thoughtfully. The rag time tune had ceased a few moments before, and now the strains of the popular "Valse Bleue" fell softly on the air. Involuntarily she beat time with her hand.

"Of course, it is unreasonable; and it isn't really true. I am delighted that you have changed, most relieved to find that you can look on life again from a reasonable point of view. Believe that, Mrs. Chesney. The other was nonsense. It was most unpardonable of me to let you have even a glimpse of the other feeling. I don't understand it myself. In my friend, of whom I spoke, I thought it despicable and idiotic."

She did not seem to be listening. Her face, a moment before so full of the intense vitality that gave it its peculiar charm, was clouded.

"There are still moments," she murmured. In her veiled voice was an echo of the past.

"Don't speak of them," he rejoined. "You will make me hate myself for having reminded you. I suppose you still suffer at times, and will for years to come—a woman's conscience is such an extraordinarily tender thing. But the worst is over. Six months ago, Mrs. Chesney, you could not have spoken of the incident, and at the same time beaten time to a waltz."

He laid deliberate stress on the word "incident." He meant to impress upon her that as such he had always regarded it, did still, and always would.

The little tables round about them were beginning to remain empty for more than a minute at a time. The people were flocking back into the Rooms. The sky, still brilliant, had gone a little paler, the sun had dipped behind the great promontory, the sudden chill was in the air that falls every day at sunset on the radiant pleasure haunt; it might seem as a repeated and unheeded warning that on all this pulsing, throbbing life will one day fall the chill of death.

Martia fastened the collar of her white military coat, adorned with the buttons of the 2ndnd Hussars.

"Shall we go back to the Rooms?"

"I believe that five thousand francs is burning a hole in your pocket," the Colonel

said indulgently. "I see Miss Stern and the Baron have gone in again."

"I don't want to play any more," Martia answered frankly. "You have no idea what that five thousand francs means to me. My dearest wish just now is that Philip should come back and find that I have paid all our debts."

The Colonel muttered something. It sounded like: "How horrible!"

She flushed, and said in an exasperated voice:—

"I am always being frank with you and regretting it. What made you look like a thundercloud all of a sudden?"

"The idea that a woman like you should have to trouble, should know anything at all about debts. You ought not to have a wish that was not fulfilled immediately. You ought to be cradled in luxury—" He broke off abruptly.

"We all have compensations," she said, simply, with her soft little laugh. "I have Philip."

"Ah, yes!" The Colonel's hand closed on the edge of the table, and once more he suddenly turned his head away.

With a start, Martia realised that something was wrong with the ring of her voice. The man would not notice it; but she did. She had said, "I have Philip"—but where was the boundless confidence, the immensity of trust, the adoration, the thrill of her whole being responsive to the words? Why had a certain dulness crept into her thoughts of him? It seemed to her sometimes that there was rust on her memory. It was not that she had not missed him; did not miss him still. She shuddered now when she thought of the first weeks; the mental loneliness, the awful physical longing, the pale horror of apprehension lest she should hear bad news. In those days she would have done anything; she would have welcomed with joy the hardships and horrors of warfare to be by his side; she would have tramped the length and breadth of the world to reach him, if only to fall dead at his feet.

He gradually the pain grew duller; the longing less poignant. A vague sense of unreality enveloped her; she could hardly realise that he would ever come back; it was almost as if he had never been. Those glorious days that they had lived together seemed like a fairy tale that had happened in fairyland. The most real thing was the gulf that yawned between them; and, if people said that Mrs. Chesney was really extremely cheerful for a woman whose husband was at the other end of the world, they did not know that the distance that she felt must ever separate their souls, since the night of Lewis

Petmold's death, was so immeasurable that the thousands of miles of sea and land that actually did separate their bodies seemed as nothing, and did not count.

She looked up suddenly, and found the Colonel's eyes fixed on her with a strange, grave scrutiny that had something of pain in it. She felt suddenly embarrassed, and to relieve the tension caused by her own silence she said the first thing that came into her head.

"Shall you ever marry, Colonel Joscelyn?"

He looked taken aback.

"I—I really don't know. Who can tell?"

"You ought to," she said, pursuing the subject to cover her confusion at having introduced it. "You could give your wife so much—"

"Oh, yes," he said a trifle bitterly, "pearls and diamonds, and fine clothes, and carriages to drive in, and a yacht to sail in, and the whole world for her playground, if she wanted it. I could pamper her and hang her with jewels, and fulfil her every wish. If she had a mind she could enlarge and broaden it at every fount of wisdom and learning and art; if she had senses she could satisfy them with all the good things of the earth; if she were cruel she could play with men; if she were pitiful she could give; if she were merely stupid she could compete in the senseless race that we call fashion. What do you think of all that?"

His words had a strange effect, but they were so vivid, his voice was so indolent. Martia saw it all in a flash, it spread itself out before her in a panorama, all that this unknown woman might have, all that she had missed. She saw this life in all its glowing colours; the world her playground, the radiant beauty of the South, the wonders of the North, the brilliance and glitter of cities, the pure strong air of the waste places, the pomp and power and circumstance of life.

She looked up and met his eyes. They were fixed on her, and looked through her, and they were dark with secrets which she could not read. She flushed, and then grew pale.

And, again, to cover her confusion, she said something that she regretted immediately afterwards.

"And in all your gifts you do not include a heart?"

"Is it a necessary gift?"

"I think so. And, you know, a woman wants a heart not to play with for five minutes, but to keep. Now you—"

She stopped, smiling a little cynically. She was the woman of the world again, with her distinguished, easy, indifferent grace. She wanted to punish him for having caused her to betray confusion; she spoke lightly, as if it were a joke; but the man's face was stern as he answered her:—

"I suppose you mean that I have no heart to give?"

"The world says so."

"Maybe the world is right. But, you know, the world often lies."

To be Continued To-morrow.

"Daily Mirror" Small Advertisements Continued.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

USEFUL MAID to elderly lady; no salary;—*25, Lewin-road, Stratford-upon-Avon, 2515*

USEFUL MAID; age 34, fourteen years' excellent personal references; domestic; for six months; prefers abroad—*Write 420, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3493*

USEFUL MAID—Lady wishes situation; fond of children; discharged December 7;—*Mrs. O. Harwood, 117, North Side, Clap-ham Common.*

Waitresses.

HOUSEMAID-WAITRESS requires situation; at liberty 21st; good references;—*Write 11, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3473*

WAITRESS; discharged; age 25; £16-18; good references—*Write T. 610, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

Clubs, Hotels, and Boarding Houses.

COOK (experienced); age 35; good references; £30; hotel—*Write T. 613, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

COOK (good); age 40; £35-40; hotel or boarding-house;—*Write T. 620, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

COOK (good); hotel or boarding-house; age 45; good references—*Write T. 614, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

COOK (hotel or club); age 28; £35; good references—*Write T. 613, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

COOK (hotel); age 40; £35-40; hotel or boarding-house;—*Write T. 617, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

HOTEL PORTER; age 28; good references; £12-15; weekly—*Write T. 605, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

HOTEL PORTER; good references; discharged now—*Write T. 42, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

HOTEL PORTER; good references; age 21—*Write T. 603, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

HOUSE-WAITER; Swiss; good references; age 27; £8-12; weekly—*Write M. 4, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

PORTER or Billiard Marker; age 51; good references; discharged;—*Write T. 606, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

WAITER or Billiard Marker; discharged; age 22; good references; £10-12; weekly—*Write T. 600, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

WAITER or Indoor Servant; age 24; £26-30; excellent references—*Write T. 601, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

WAITER or Plateman; age 29; good references; £10-12; weekly—*Write T. 604, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

WAITRESS (hotel); age 25; £18-20; good references—*Write T. 609, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

WIDOW; 35; quick and energetic; desires to learn routine of good private hotel; own preferred; no salary—*Write 390, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

Miscellaneous.

BOOKKEEPER, in hotel; age 22; good references; would give time—*Write T. 605, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

CARPENTER desires change of house; good references—*Write 406, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

CHAUFFEUR, single, requires situation; *Penard, Napier, and M. S. C. running; repairs; abstinence; good references; W. H. R. 28, Charles-street, Berkhamsstead, Hertford. 3478*

DAILY WORK wanted, or would take place for month—*Write T. 41, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

ESTATE MANAGER, electrical, mechanical engineer; work in motor cars, electric lighting, estate jobbing, repairs, etc.—*9, Stockton-road, Maida, W. 3370*

FRENCH Couple—man, butler; wife, cook—*Pauline, 13, New Compton-st., W. 3370*

LINENKESHER (experienced); age 28; discharged; £10;—*Write 10, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

WANTED: situation as Caretaker; accounts; to take charge in absence; family; middle aged; good references; discharged;—*Write T. 621, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

SITUATIONS VACANT.

Manservant.

BUTLER-VALET wanted; must be used to handling clothes—*Write T. 104, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

Cooks.

COOK, £18-20; for Kensington; 20-22; small family; 3 servants—*Write T. 121, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2346*

COOK; good wages; small family; 3 servants;—*Apply 29, Marlborough-place, Hamilton-terrace, Heath. 3488*

COOK (plain) wanted by December 30; four in family—*Mrs. Taylor, 64, Basset-road, Notting Hill. 3318*

COOK and housemaid wanted for country—*Write O. 118, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2311*

COOK (general) and Useful Man-servant required; £70; must understand driving—*Write T. 70, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

COOK (general); age 26; good references;—*Write T. 622, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

COOK-GENERAL and House-Parlourmaid wanted; only two in family; good references; indispensable—*Apply by letter, D. G. 71, Bromley-road, Shortlands, Kent. 3458*

COOK-GENERAL, in January, for Dulwich; four in family; £12-20;—*O. 1, Palace-road, Crouch End. 3457*

COOK-GENERAL; 25; £22; family; six;—*Write four—Mrs. Ball, Ashburton Cottage, Putney Heath. 2310*

COOK-GENERAL; £18-20; also House-parlourmaid; suitable for country;—*Write Mrs. Maden, Surrey. 3455*

General Servants.

DOOR SERVANT wanted for doctor's house;—*Dr. Griffith, 24, St. George's-square, 3433*

SITUATIONS VACANT.

GENERAL; age 20-30; £18-22; small family;—*Write O. 119, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2315*

GENERAL (capable); middle-aged; able to cook; plain cooking; required; good wages; liberal out-of-pocket money;—*Write Mr. Wollaston, Littleham, Exmouth.*

GENERAL for private hotel—*Write 421, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3493*

GENERAL (good) wanted; quite plain cooking; small family; wages £18-21;—*Apply by letter, F. Oakfield, Woodside Park-road, North Finchley. 3468*

GENERAL (good) wanted; must be of good appearance—*Write T. 101, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

GENERAL (good) wanted; for one lady in small flat—*Write T. 94, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

GENERAL (good) wanted; also young Nursemaid; three in family; sisters or friends preferred—*Gilbertson, Waverley, Sidcup. 2200*

GENERAL (good, young) wanted for once; for 24 small party;—*Write Mr. D. G. 71, Bromley-road, Shortlands, Kent.*

GENERAL; Jan. 5th; small family; boy kept; wages £16;—*Write Beulah Lodge, New Southgate.*

GENERAL or help (young); family 3; no cooking; good references; about £12—*Rotbury, Curzon-road, Muswell-hill.*

GENERAL Servant (good) wanted; plain cooking;—*Write Mrs. W. 4, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3476*

GENERAL Servant wanted immediately for flat; personal references; good wages; holidays—*Apply, after 7 p.m., St. Lucia's Mansions, Well-end-lane, near West Hamstead Metropolitan Station. 2330*

GENERAL (thorough) wanted; small family; no basement; personal references required—*Robinson, 26, Cambrin-road, Richmond Hill. 3458*

GENERAL wanted, good, with highest references; nice home and good wages—*Good-bolt, 46 Birch-road, Ealing Common.*

GENERAL wanted; very easy place; good appearance necessary—*Write T. 102, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

GENERAL (young) wanted; 2 in family; no washing—*Write S. 45, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3533*

GENERAL Servant (superior); age between 30 and 40; capable of taking entire charge if required; in family; for London; good wages—*Mrs. Lincoln, "The Limes, Denville, Havant.*

GENERAL wanted for flat; 2 in family;—*Write W. 413, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2387*

GENERAL (good); plain cooking; small family; boy kept;—*Write T. 102, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

GENERAL wanted; age 16-18; good character;—*Write Mrs. 413, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3438*

GENERAL wanted; age 18; three in family;—*Write 2, Keldron-road, Hatfield, Herts. 3450*

GENERAL (good) wanted; age 28 to 35; to manage a small house;—*Write Mrs. 413, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

GENERAL (young); no cooking; two family; another kept; one not out before taken; no sewing;—*Write Mrs. 413, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3453*

HELP (useful) young girl about 25; must be domesticated; able to assist children (two); assistance given; £15; treated as one of the family—*Apply 153, Kenilworth-road, N.W.*

HOUSE-GENERAL wanted for apartment house—*Mrs. Berger, 31, Brook-street, 2293*

SERVANT (good) wanted for daily work—*Write O. 122, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3458*

Companions.

COMPANION-HELP wanted for one lady; good servants kept; good salary—*86, York-burg-street, Manchester. 3408*

COMFORTABLE HOME offered to cheerful companion; £30;—*Write Mrs. 413, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

Housekeepers.

HOUSEKEEPER wanted; country rectory;—*Write Mrs. 413, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

WORKING HOUSEKEEPER wanted; to manage a small house;—*Write Mrs. 413, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

Between-maids.

BETWEEN-MAID for business house wanted;—*Write T. 68, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

BETWEEN-MAID wanted, with personal references—*Apply Mrs. Hadden, 33, West-bourne-terrace, Hyde Park, W. 3410*

Lady's Maids.

MAID (useful) wanted, to take charge of two boys and wait on lady; governess kept; good wages;—*Write Mrs. 413, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

MAID; excellent hairdresser and able to make blouses and renovate; one lady; country place; wages £30; age under 30—*Write W. 413, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

Nurses.

CAN any lady recommend reliable experienced Head Nurse 30 to 35 years' good wages;—*Write Mrs. 413, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

NURSE; care of child of 4; wait on two ladies—*Write 91, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

NURSE or Nursery Governess wanted; £18-20;—*Write T. 97, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

NURSE (single-handed); one child; needlework; good home;—*Write Mrs. 413, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

NURSE (single-handed) wanted for country;—*Write Mrs. 413, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

NURSE (trustworthy) wanted; about 20; under-nurse kept; good needlewoman; 4 children; £20;—*Write Mrs. H. Hall, The Brampton, Newtle-under-Lyme. 3458*

NURSE wanted; accustomed to young baby; £20; also Cook (good plain); £18-20;—*Mrs. Rogers, Court Lodge, Histon Kirby, Kent.*

SITUATIONS VACANT.

NURSE-MAID, age 16 to 18—*Write L. 1, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2325*

WANTED Experienced Children's Maid; Protestant; age over 20; 2 little girls; own references; able to cook and make; good personal reference—*Apply by letter, stating age and wages, Mrs. Burr, 1, Hermitage-road, Upper Norwood.*

Parlourmaids.

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID; £18-20; 3 servants;—*Write L. 100, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2327*

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID (experienced) wanted; at once; £22—*Write T. 93, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID wanted for town; £22; 5 servants kept—*Write O. 303, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2308*

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID wanted; £20—*Write T. 61, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID wanted next week; in London; wages £23—*Write O. 301, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3428*

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID (young) wanted at once; energetic and capable;—*Write Mrs. 413, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3533*

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID wanted at once for Chelsea—*Write T. 103, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

PARLOURMAID; 3 in family; 5 servants; no beer; reference required—*Write 415, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3492*

PARLOURMAID or superior House-Parlourmaid wanted; £20;—*Write Mrs. 413, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

PARLOURMAID (thorough) wanted; 7 servants;—*Write T. 90, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

PARLOURMAID wanted; must be tall; 2 in family; 3 servants—*Write T. 99, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

PARLOURMAIDS (Upper and Under); 2 wanted at once—*Write T. 60, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

Housemaids.

HOUSEMAID; age 22; £16; draper's; no children; no washing;—*Write 56, Tyn-lie-road, S.W.*

HOUSEMAID (experienced); also between-maid; wanted near London—*Write T. 99, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

HOUSEMAID (experienced) wanted for one lady; 3 servants kept—*Write T. 94, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

HOUSEMAID, Scotch preferred; £21; four servants kept—*Write O. 302, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3439*

HOUSEMAID (upper) for small private house—*Write T. 61, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

HOUSEMAID wanted, for doctor's house;—*Dr. Griffith, 24, St. George's-square. 3434*

HOUSEMAID wanted at once; £18; for town;—*Write T. 60, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3413*

HOUSEMAID; young; cook-general kept; £4, Crescent-road, Wimbledon, Surrey. 3484

HOUSEMAID (young) wanted at once—*Apply 217, Fitzroy-square. 3505*

HOUSEMAID required, not over 25; small family—*Mrs. Butler, 15, Brook-green, W.*

Kitchenmaid.

KITCHENMAID wanted; 16; comfortable situation;—*Write 610-M, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2301*

Miscellaneous.

GIRL young required for situation under housekeeper—*Write S. 12, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 2333*

LADY going to Paris early next month for good social position; to join another lady of part hotel expenses—*Write 399, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

LADY Shortland Typist wanted;—*good address—Apply by letter to 521, "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.*

MOTHER and Daughter wanted to manage Brook-street. 3413

WANTED a young French woman to help in the house and give French lessons—*Write 419, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W. 3492*

HOUSES, ETC., FOR SALE.

BEXHILL—For Sale, Apartment House, with rooms only last year; sale; takings for last year; £200;—*Write 420, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

CANONBURY STATION—Superior residence; 10 rooms, bath, and every convenience; lease 47, £2, 87 7s; splendid position for gentlemen boarders; 275 cash; good balance as an occupation;—*Apply by letter, L. S. 29, Ebury-street, S.W.*

HOUSES TO LET, FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED.

BRIGHTON—Residence, furnished £20-£25; unfurnished £30-£35;—*Write 420-£20-£25; young's, Auctioneers, Vauxhall, Hove.*

RAVENSBURY PARK, Mitcham—Pleasant detached house in private park; to be let or sold; built by contract under architect's supervision. Drawing, dining, and five bedrooms; good bath;—*Write 460, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

TO LET, Mercat, Chelsea, Berks; semi-detached villa; close to station and village; 2 sitting, 4 bed rooms; good garden; rent £25.

HOUSES WANTED.

WANTED by widow lady, on gentleman's estate in Sussex or Surrey, small unfurnished house, 2 sitting rooms, 2 bedrooms, and servants' room; 2 sitting rooms; small garden; near village church and station—*Write Mrs. 413, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

WANTED, near London (seaside) station, house for small boy's school where one required—*Write 397, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

FLATS TO LET AND WANTED.

KENSINGTON—Furnished Flat, just off High-street; every convenience; ground floor; rent for immediate let and good tenant—*Write Mrs. 413, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

BOARD RESIDENCE AND APARTMENTS.

A LADY offers high-class board-residence in well-appointed house; excellent cuisine; separate parlours; terms, 30s, or two sharing room, from 21s; each; spacious private room vacant—*36, Trevelin-road, Earl's Court.*

BOARD-RESIDENCE, in select, private boarding-house; most central situation; 10 minutes' walk Oxford-circuit, two from Port-ham-road (W); large and small rooms; ground floor; breakfast, late dinner, full Sundays, from 35s, or 21s, two sharing—*10, Gloucester-terrace, Albany-street, Regent's Park.*

COMFORTABLE bed-sitting room; suit one or two business ladies; meals optional—*120, Colons-gardens, West Kensington; close to Shepherd's-bush Tube.*

CRYSTAL PALACE—Apartments; well furnished; comfortable; recommended—*4, Anerley-hill, Upper Norwood.*

LARGE, well-furnished Front Room to let (lady); business purposes only; references—*Mrs. Fairclough, Orchard-street, Oxford-street.*

RICHMOND—Apartments; good attention; moderate terms; sitting-room, bed-rooms, bathroom—*Write 415, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

56, DEVONSHIRE-STREET, Portland-place, W. Board and residence from £2 2s; highly recommended; very central.

COUNTRY APARTMENTS TO LET AND WANTED.

BEXHILL—Comfortable board-residence; 21s; near sea—*Mrs. Cooper, 2, Linden-road.*

BRIGHTON—Keston Boarding House, Lower M. Gardens—*Good sea view; terms moderate.*

EASTBOURNE (sea front)—Angels Popular; this the boarding house for winter months; warmth and comfort; good management;—*Write Mrs. 413, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.*

